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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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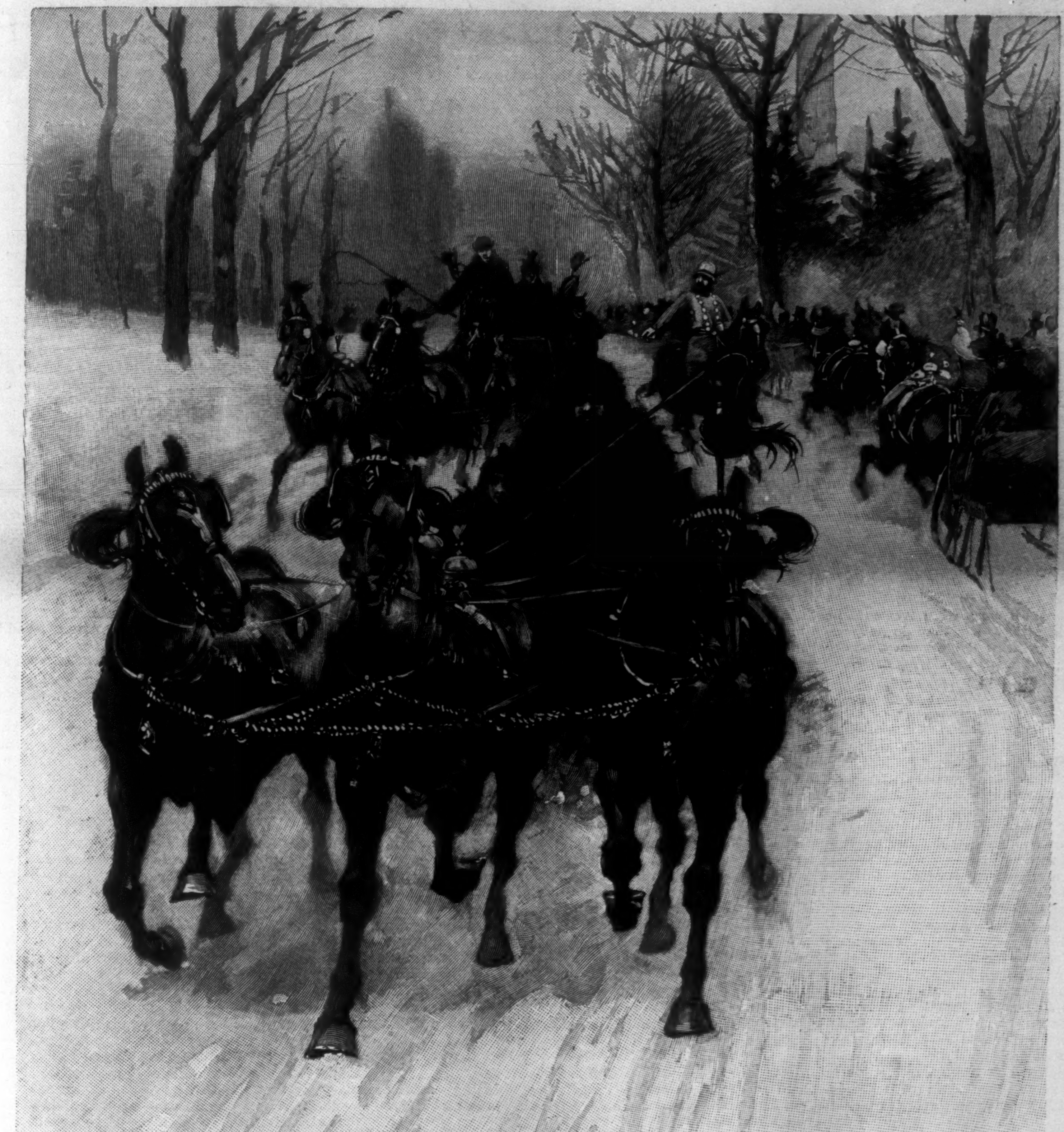

SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 127.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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## TAMMANY HALL.

THERE is something grimly grotesque in the pretence of Tammany Hall to be a "democratic" organization. If Thomas Jefferson could rise from the grave and hear such a society call him its patron saint without being hooted down by the public as a "fraud," he would think the world had been turned into a mad-house. The boss of Tammany Hall is sitting in his office in Fourteenth Street in appearance a plain and modest private citizen. He possesses neither official character nor title, but he is the ruler whom persons of official character and title obey. He receives petitions and remonstrances from his fellow-citizens as if they were his subjects, and says aye or no as one of highest authority. He issues orders and instructions to the Mayor of New York and to other officers of the city government as to policies to be followed, measures to be executed, subordinates to be appointed or removed, and his will is accepted as law. Disobedience may occur, but it is punished with political banishment or death. He gives out his commands to members of the Legislature from this city as to bills to be passed or to be defeated; and members know that if they show a will of their own, they will find the will of the boss as an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their re-election. And whatever private citizen renders himself obnoxious to him may have to suffer all the injuries and annoyances which an arbitrary use of the municipal power may be able to inflict. The boss may listen to the advice of his followers, but his will rules. This is one-man government. It is difficult to imagine anything more undemocratic.

Whence does this man derive his power? From the organization at the head of which he stands. And whence does the organization derive its power? From the number of voters whom it commands, and who carry the elections for its candidates. And why do so many voters adhere to the organization? Because the organization "takes care" of them. This is to be understood in the widest meaning of the term. Tammany Hall does not seek the votes of citizens by endeavoring to enlighten them on the soundness of the political principles and objects of the society, but by appealing to their material interests. It has a number of district leaders who have to "oversee all political movements in their districts." That is to say, they do not preach to them about the tariff, or the currency, or constitutional doctrines; but when a member of the organization is sick and without friends, they sit up with him; when he gets into trouble for assault and battery, or a violation of the license laws, or similar frailties, they furnish him bail and counsel; when he is poor, they procure coal and wood for him; when he is unable to do hard work, they "put him on a broom" in the street-cleaning department; when he is capable of exercising an influence and attracting a following, they get him a lucrative office or other advantageous chance at the public crib—and so on. Those taken care of in one way or another by Tammany Hall have to repay the benefits they receive by votes, their own and the votes of others which their influence can command; and thus Tammany Hall has at its disposal a large force of voters, attracted and held not in the slightest degree by any consideration of the public interest, but simply by material advantages offered to them. To these voters it is a matter of utter indifference how good or how bad Tammany government may be. They follow its lead without question so long as Tammany takes care of them. Of course this class does not constitute the whole of the Tammany constituency, but it is the standing army, the main-stay of the organization.

To hold such a force together requires money. It requires money, too, to reward the leaders, high and low, and it is a matter of experience that a Tammany politician, however humble his beginnings, will, after some years of active service, repose in the comforts of an ample competency. This money is not contributed by private benevolence, but it is drawn, directly or indirectly, out of the pockets of the tax-payers. The system involves an unnecessary multiplication of public offices and employments: the appointment of persons regardless of their fitness for the work to be done, merely on account of their usefulness to the organization; the payment of high salaries and wages for small service; the undertaking of costly public works mainly for the money to be expended; the perversion of as much as possible of that money for the benefit of the organization; systematic opposition to every reform that has the regulation of the public service upon sound principles and the enforcement of strict accountability in view. These are the things by which Tammany lives. Tammany government, therefore, cannot possibly be good government. Serving the interests of the organization by such means, it must necessarily be inefficient, profligate, and corrupt government. The most honest and public-spirited man at its head could not make it otherwise unless he entirely changed the essence of Tammany's being. The only difference would be one as to the degrees of badness.

Tammany derives its strength from four sources—the solidity of its mercenary organization; the terrorism it exercises over various business interests in this city which fear its dangerous disfavor, and therefore seek to propitiate it; its political position as the "regular organization" of the Democratic party, which gives it the votes of thousands of men not in sympathy with its methods; and the partisan spirit which usually keeps its opponents divided. The first two points it is needless further to discuss. As to its position in the Democratic party, the Democracy has no more dangerous enemy—certainly no more treacherous friend. It is impossible to calculate the number of good citizens throughout the country who are deterred from joining the Democracy only by Tammany being a part of it. And it has never scrupled to make bitter war upon the best Democratic leaders, such as Robinson, Tilden, and Cleveland; and always on account, not of their failings, but of the very virtues which endeared them to honest and patriotic men and made them obnoxious to the rogues. It did its utmost to defeat in the last National Convention Mr. Cleveland, the only candidate who could surely lead the Democratic party to victory, and to bring about the nomination of a man who would surely have buried the Democracy in disaster and disgrace. But by shrewdly turning round after Mr. Cleveland's nomination, and supporting him with ostentatious zeal, it repaired its own discomfiture. In fact, it accomplished two objects; it re-established itself to some extent in the estimation of the national Democracy, and it averted the immediate uprising of a rival organization in the city and State of New York—and all this without in the least changing its own character, methods, and ends. Thus it stands now in this community as the only authorized representative of the Democracy, and it has apparently reached the zenith of its power. Hungry spoilsmen are flocking to Tammany Hall from all sides, and not a few respectable Democrats who long had remained aloof have joined it, because they wish to belong to the regular organization of their party. It controls the government of the State almost as absolutely as that of the city. The assent of the Tammany boss seems as necessary to the enactment of a law as the signature of the Governor. His order elects one of his cronies to the Senate of the United States almost without opposition, and his Mayor appoints men to office with contemptuous disregard of public opinion.

And yet Tammany is in the minority in this city, and the opposition could easily break its power if only the different elements of it would unite. This they will not do so long as Republican party spirit stands in the way. But one thing can and should be done without much delay. Another Democratic organization, embodying the true principles and policies of the national Democratic, can and should be formed, composed of the same men and animated with the same spirit that made so formidable and effective a demonstration of strength in the "anti-snapper" movement of last winter. This is the only thing Tammany is afraid of. And knowing that this danger is threatening its ascendency, the men being there and the spirit being alive, it prepares for the contest. It seeks to strengthen itself financially by projecting great public works that will put under its control untold millions of dollars. And it seeks to strengthen itself politically by proclaiming itself officiously as a zealous supporter of the new Democratic administration; it may even instruct its men in Congress to assume the attitude of spokesmen of the Democratic President. It is to be hoped that the citizens of this metropolis will keenly watch the "improvements" with which Tammany Hall means to bless them, and we trust President Cleveland will never forget that Tammany Hall is much more dangerous to him as a friend than as an enemy.

## MR. CLEVELAND AND THE ORGANIZATION.

Every good citizen of the State and of the country is interested in Mr. Cleveland's choice of party friends in New York. No one who knows him doubts what that choice is; but there is undoubtedly a large number of people who do not understand that a choice is presented, or, if they do, do not appreciate the vital importance of a proper solution of the President's problem, such a solution as he has doubtless reached.

There are two absolutely antagonistic organizations in this State. They are the Hill machine and the anti-snappers. The machine is an oligarchy. It represents a minority of the voters of the party, and it is governed by and in the interest of men of bad character and mean ability. Every patriotic man, whether Democrat or Republican, desires the demolition of this rule, just as he desires the destruction of the influence of Platt and his associates at the head of the Republican machine. It is not only the integrity of the party which is threatened by the dominance of such men; it is the State.

The Democratic machine as it exists to-day is the creature of fraud. The State Committee was turned over to Mr. Hill in 1888, when Mr. Murphy was chosen chairman in order to help his friend into the Governorship. He accomplished his purpose by the slaughter of Mr. Cleveland. Its only appearance in national affairs was a year ago, when it undertook to present Mr. Hill as the unanimous choice of the Democrats of the State as their candidate for President. That this assertion was a lie was practically admitted by the machine's resort to a snap convention. It controlled not only the State Committee, but most of the county and town committees, and yet it did not dare to permit Mr. Hill to face the voters at the primaries after a fair and deliberate discussion of his merits, or a comparison of them with Mr. Cleveland's. In all its political actions the machine has been simply a band of brigands.

When it undertook to steal the Presidential nomination, however, the self-respecting Democrats rose in revolt. By their enrolment of more than two hundred thousand Democratic voters they proved the falsity of the machine's pretences. The movement was conducted with great intelligence. A carefully planned campaign was carried through successfully. The anti-snappers proved their case, demonstrating to the country that the opposition to Mr. Cleveland in this State was very far from being what it was asserted to be. The Syracuse delegates at Chicago were accepted as the representatives of the majority of the Democrats of this State, and of the principles which triumphed in Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election. They refrained from pressing their claims to seats in the Convention, and subsequently they yielded to the machine control of the campaign, and the local nominations, in order that the national ticket might not be endangered by the treachery of the minority represented by the machine. They even overlooked the misappropriation of funds contributed for the national campaign, but used to secure the Senatorship for Mr. Murphy, and, knowing of the "knifing" that was going on everywhere in the State, did their best to counteract it.

The self-sacrifice was intelligent even from the point of view of the practical politician. The anti-snappers surrendered the management of the machine, and those of them who had political ambition renounced the hope of immediate advancement in State and local politics in order that they might save the Democratic party. If Mr. Cleveland had been defeated, the cause which he represents, which is as much greater than any party as patriotism is above personal ambition, would have received a serious set-back. The machine would have triumphed over the people, and it would have been a long time before the politicians of either party would have yielded their own interests to the demands of the country. Moreover, if the machine had been given any cause, real or pretended, to make effective war on the national ticket, the Democratic party in this State was doomed. The only hope for the party, and consequently for the anti-snappers, was in the triumph of Mr. Cleveland and his principles. The triumph has been won, and now there is no longer any reason for conciliating the brigands, and suppressing the conscience, the intellect, and the majority of the Democratic voters.

Mr. Cleveland has to choose between the Democrats who believe as he does, and who have demonstrated that they have the support of the voters, and the men who have captured the machine, and employed their power selfishly and treacherously. Not only will his recognition of his friends place the party organization in the hands of its best citizens, but it will strengthen Mr. Cleveland throughout the country, and encourage Democrats of other States to do their utmost to aid him to carry out his purposes—to reform the tariff, to equalize taxation, to settle the currency question on a sound basis, and to advance civil service reform. His recognition of the patriotism and wisdom of the men who made the fight at Syracuse, and a proper ignoring both of the machine and of those who were afraid to come out against him, will be not only justice and a wise regard for the public interests, but sound politics as well.

These are the sufficient reasons why Mr. Cleveland is confidently expected to prefer the men of Syracuse to those who undertook to defeat the majority of their party by a snap convention, whose support of him in the campaign was only what they were forced to give, and who have shown by the election of Mr. Murphy that they have not repented.

## NICARAGUA CANAL

### II.—COMMERCIAL VALUE.

THE value of the proposed Nicaragua Canal to commerce would be enormous. The port of San Francisco is no longer the only important centre of trade on the Pacific coast of the United States. The development of commerce with foreign countries through the increase of the products of the rich soil and genial climate of the Pacific States has built up other shipping points, all eager to secure closer and cheaper communication with the Eastern cities of our own country and with Europe. San Francisco, however, remains the leading seaport of the coast, and its exports have increased in the last twenty-one years from $14,000,000 to more than $40,000,000. Naturally its trade with China, Hawaii, and the countries on the Pacific is large; but much more than half its commerce has been with Great Britain, while 90 per cent. of the trade of a single year has been with Europe. The grain trade of the Pacific coast alone is nearly equal to the whole of the cotton trade of the country. Since 1869, the shipping interests of the coast have been doubled.

The transportation question of the Pacific coast is one of great difficulties. The cost of carrying wheat by rail from one side of the continent to the other and its reshipment at an Atlantic port is very burdensome. If it is shipped around Cape Horn on sailing vessels, the underwriters insist that it shall be bagged, and the bagging costs the wheat-growers more than $2,000,000 a year. The voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool consumes four or five months, a circumstance which makes the market value of wheat when it shall arrive at its destination problematical. The only beneficiaries of this condition of business are the lucky speculators, for a cargo is often sold three or four times before it reaches Liverpool.

The construction of an interoceanic canal would not only give to commerce a shorter and safer route, but it would give to the Eastern ports an advantage over Liverpool in the trade with our own Pacific States, which they do not now enjoy. By reason of the configuration of South America, the Cape Horn route to New York is a little more than 100 miles shorter than the route to Liverpool. By an isthmian route, New York would be at least 2000 miles nearer than Liverpool to San Francisco. At the same time ships from Liverpool would save about 8000 miles by going through the canal.

New York would be about 1000 miles nearer Hong-Kong by the isthmian canal than by the Suez Canal, about 8000 miles nearer than by the Cape Horn route, and 4000 nearer than by the Cape of Good Hope route. A similar saving would be made in the route to Yokohama, and the Atlantic seaboard would be between 8000 and 9000 miles nearer to Hawaii.

While New York would be brought about 9000 miles nearer to San Francisco by the canal, New Orleans would save more than 11,000, and the benefit to the whole Gulf coast would be enormous. The water route between all the seaports of the country—west, east, and south—would be nearly, in some instances quite, as short as the overland routes.

The tonnage that would pass through such a canal as that which is contemplated at Nicaragua cannot be closely estimated. In his report in favor of the canal bill introduced in 1882, Mr. KASSON estimated that there would pass over the route 3,000,000 tons of freight. It is impossible, however, to make a satisfactory estimate. The bringing of the Pacific coasts of America and Asia into closer communion must necessarily stimulate and promote the commerce of both our Eastern and Western seaports. Whether all the dreams of the projectors of the enterprise will be realized is doubtful, for the rule is that the splendid fruits of such an undertaking ripen late, and are not always gathered by those who plant and water.

## HIGH LICENSE IN OMAHA.

THE long trial that has been given to the principle of high license in Omaha has now extended over ten years. It is worth the while of all who are studying the science of municipal government to look into Omaha's experience. It is a progressive, proud, and orderly town, as thoroughly modern in spirit and appearance as it is young in years. The high-license system was inaugurated in 1882 with the adoption of the SLOCUM law, which vests the licensing power in the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners of the largest cities. It fixes the license fee at "not less than $1000." Each applicant must produce a petition by thirty resident freeholders in his ward and file a bond in $5000. Notice of the application must be advertised for two weeks in the newspaper of largest circulation. If a remonstrance is filed, a day is set for the hearing, and the commissioners decide the case, the theory being that they are unbiassed by local political interests, and merely record the will of the people, who, by protesting or keeping silence, prevent or sanction the granting of each license. Plenty of protests arise, and in one case, where the board misjudged the public temper, its decree granting a license was overturned by the courts.

The licensing power in Omaha used to be vested in a board composed of elective officers, who were apt to view every official situation from a political stand-point. They made the terms easy, and did not enforce the law compelling the closing of the saloons at midnight and on Sundays. Their misrule offended the people, and the new board was created in January, 1889. The Fire and Police Board consists of the Mayor and four commissioners, two of whom make way for appointees by each succeeding Governor of the State. The money obtained for the licenses is paid into the city school fund. Last year 237 licenses, at $1000 each, were granted. The Fire and Police departments cost annually about $125,000 each, so that the license money would about meet that expense. But the matter is as broad as it is long, because the schools require more than is thus obtained, the excess being raised by taxation.

The licenses are issued to both person and place, as in New York, but there is a question whether the place is or is not removable. In consequence a little leeway is allowed to a dissatisfied license-holder, who may remove his saloon, but not out of his ward, or without advertising as he did to get his license. Saloons may be established anywhere in the city, but it has been found—and this is one of the features which have developed many advocates of the high-license plan—that applications for saloon sites are nearly all confined to the business section of the cities which apply that system. There are in Omaha a few saloons in residence districts, but in the main they are on the streets where surface cars are run and where there are stores, office buildings, or factories. There would not be sufficient trade elsewhere to yield a living to a saloon-keeper in addition to the cost of his license.

The saloons must close at midnight, and remain closed until four o'clock in the morning, and on Sundays. The doors must be locked at such times, and no shades or other obstructions may hinder the view into and through the saloons. One thousand dollars is a great deal to risk, and breaches of the law are made stealthily and with discomfort to all concerned. There is nobody in Omaha who cannot get a drink on Sunday if he will have it; but a stranger would find it difficult to procure one unless he ordered it sent to his room at a hotel. There are saloon-keepers who violate the law, but they are few, and their timidity limits their illicit trade to a point at which it is not likely to excite the envy of others or the indignation of good citizens. The druggists are licensed to sell liquor for mechanical and medicinal purposes, and thus the whole liquor trade of the place is controlled.

Omaha is a very decent place. The liquor-dealers do not oppose the present system as tradesmen or through any political organization. Under the lax system which preceded the change in the licensing source there were 268 saloons for a population smaller than the present one, which is now served by 237 saloons, or one to every 630 inhabitants.

## THINGS TALKED OF.

THE nomination of the Hon. William Walter Phelps by Governor Werts, of New Jersey, to be a lay judge of the Court of Errors of that State, is an effort to get a highly competent man for a place that involves at times extremely important duties. If Mr. Phelps has, as is reported, consented to take up these duties, he shows a public spirit honorable to himself and useful to the State, for the position is neither lucrative nor brilliant. What, however, interests the political friends of Mr. Phelps is the indication supposed to be given by this step of a change in his party affiliations, the Governor of New Jersey being a Democrat. This hardly seems a necessary inference, though it is certainly a logical one. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Phelps, who was a warm friend and devoted ally of the late Mr. Blaine, and who had no greater joy in McKinleyism than Mr. Blaine had, may feel that the Republican party has in some degree outlived its usefulness. But probably that feeling is not required to induce him to devote his very unusual ability to the faithful performance of modest and yet essentially useful functions. Whatever the motive, New Jersey may be congratulated if she gets him on the bench of the Court of Errors.

An American's house, like the Englishman's in the traditional declaration, is "his castle," and he seems to think it chiefly useful as a place in which to guard his prejudices of personal and family conservatism, for in most parts of the land he is conducting his household affairs on the principles followed by his grandfather under conditions that bring him infinite bother or exasperating failure. In his business, in his pleasures, in his church, and in his club he claims and gets the advantages of the subdivision and organization of labor to the last available degree, and finds both better results and less cost. But in the great mass of the homes of the United States subdivision or organization of labor is only vaguely understood, and the consequences are painful or comical, according to the point of view. The average American either undertakes, or, what is worse, allows his wife to undertake, to get about everything that is to be done done at home by persons employed and lodged and fed there. The heating, the preparation of food, the laundry-work, the cleaning—everything is thus done in homes of men of moderate means by one or two women, with the help of the wife and daughter. Spinning and weaving and, save in rare cases, soap-making have gone out, but the rest is as it was fifty years ago. Why should it be? Why, in large cities especially, should not all the laundry-work and much of the preparation of food be done, as they are in some European cities, outside the house; and why should not much of the occasional work be done, as it is in office buildings, by persons who come in for the purpose? There is a large and promising field in our cities for a "Domestic Service Company," and if we do not get one before long, evolution as a theory of life will have suffered a serious set-back.

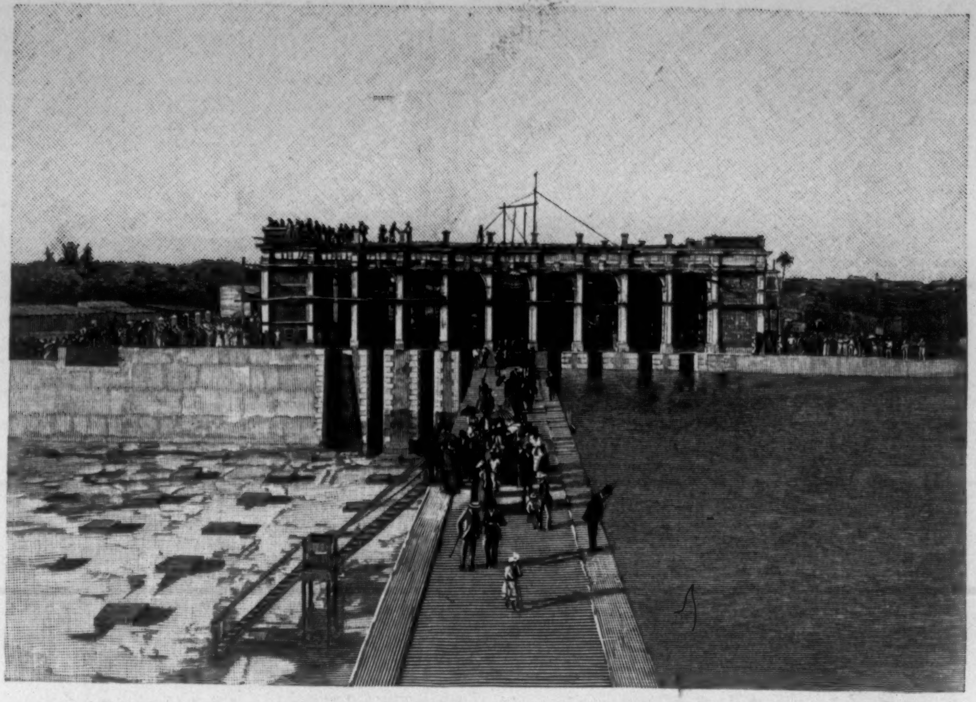
An American writer who has been hunting a home among the cities of Italy and the French Riviera landed in New York a few days since and struggled away from the steamer's pier through a double line of ash-barrels and garbage-cans, only to be half swamped in the slush that spread from curb to curb on the streets. As he had been re-enforcing his pride of country by denouncing in foreign parts the variations, which he found "nasty"—he had been abroad for several years—from what he had remembered of home ways, he was thrown into a pitiful state of helpless indignation. His natural recourse was to unpack his heart in words and fall to cursing Tammany. Now Tammany is bad enough, and our friend will find much sympathy, both in his complaints and in his cursing, among those who have been living under the discomforts and dangers to which he has returned. But while we are far from looking upon Tammany as an incurable ill, it is well to remember that we live under a representative government, where each voter has, first, one vote, and second, the right to influence as many others as he has the energy and the skill to influence. The number of voters in New York who wish to have filthy and disease-breeding streets is, of course, a minority, but the number who endure that nuisance and peril without active resistance is clearly a great majority. The task of getting efficient management of municipal affairs under conditions existing, and sure to exist for a long time, is not an easy one; but neither is the task of getting a good living, which, nevertheless, is satisfactorily performed by large numbers of our citizens. The difference lies in the strength of the motive inciting to the respective tasks, and the difference in motive depends largely upon the intelligence and public spirit of the individuals. We cannot well shirk the fact that New York is, after all, for good or ill, self-governed.

It was a saying of that shrewd old sage Mr. Tilden that it is hardly worth while to try to forecast the consequences of what never happened, and as a guide to plans for the future that is a sound rule; but there is no more fascinating study than that of the "might have beens" of history. A very interesting case is suggested in the second volume of the very valuable *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, by James Ford Rhodes, recently published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Rhodes points out that the October election for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1860 was fought out by Mr. Curtin and his friends largely on the issue of the Morrill tariff, which gave what was then regarded as ample protection to the iron industry of that State, and Curtin won. It was the general belief then that had he lost, the State would have been lost in November, and Mr. Lincoln would not have been elected. Mr. Rhodes does not speculate as to the consequences—that is not his habit, for he is a very direct and businesslike writer—but it is plain that the consequences would have been very serious. Doubtless slavery would in the long-run have had to go. The conflict was in sober fact, as Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln had said, irrepressible and irreconcilable. But it is easier to understand the fervid obstinacy with which considerable numbers of our fellow-countrymen cling to what bears the name of "protection," though they would denounce the Morrill tariff, should it now be introduced, as "British free trade," when we remember how intimately it was linked with the cause of the Union and of freedom in its earlier stages. Such remembrance may make us at once more charitable and more hopeful.

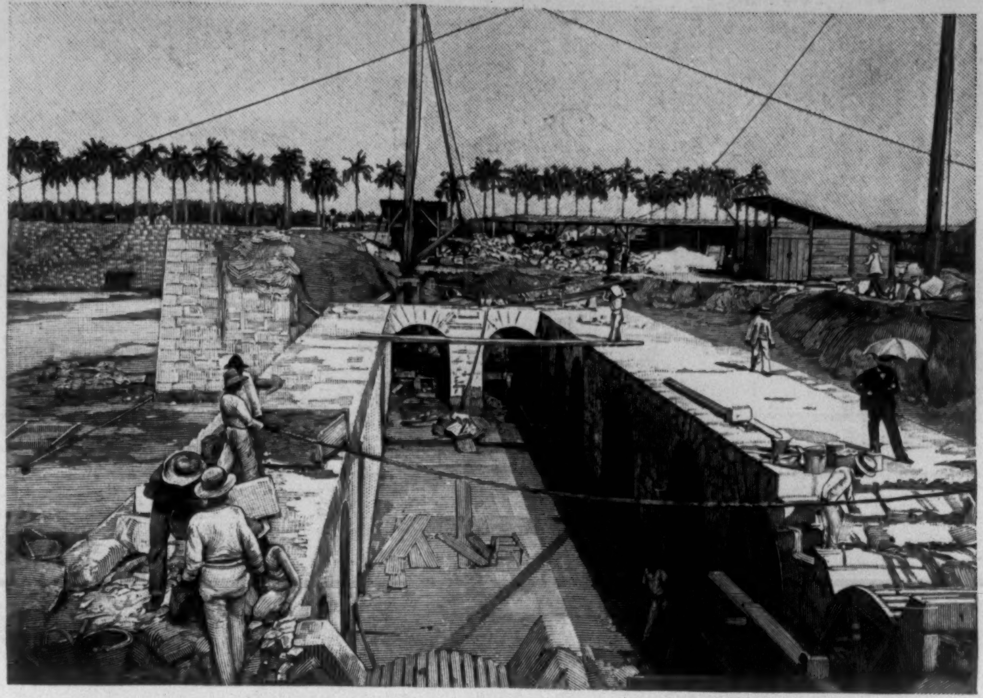
Emerson's delightful saying that "all the world loves a lover" has recently had a singular and not agreeable exemplification in the morbid sentiment excited by the case of Carlyle W. Harris. After that most revolting and depraved young person had been convicted of murdering his wife, and had been sentenced to death, and the case had been carried to the Court of Appeals, which had confirmed the decisions of the lower courts, a perfectly proper effort was made by his poor mother to obtain for him a new trial, an effort that would have been disposed of calmly and justly by ordinary legal processes. But at this point a large number of entirely irresponsible and uninformed persons began to write letters to the newspapers and to Recorder Smyth in his behalf, setting forth chiefly their own feelings on the subject, with some arguments which, being necessarily based on ignorance, were not worth the ink expended in presenting them. It was all a product of unmitigated sentimentality, and if anything so apart from the merits of the case were to be introduced into it, it would seem that the average heart might be more touched by the fate of the innocent victim of depravity and lust, and by the infinite misery of her family.

Our system of dealing with crime, if it errs at all, does not err in severity. We have inherited from a time when, in the land of our forefathers, prosecution was likely to be persecution, a most potent set of presumptions favorable to the accused, that were slowly built up by English courts to restrain arbitrary power and protect innocence. Their strict application now has lost the reason for it that then existed, and defeats justice quite as often as it aids it. Not only is there no need for an outside agitation to secure the real rights of a prisoner like Harris, but such an agitation can only be mischievous in its effect, as it is clearly impertinent in tone and unseemly.

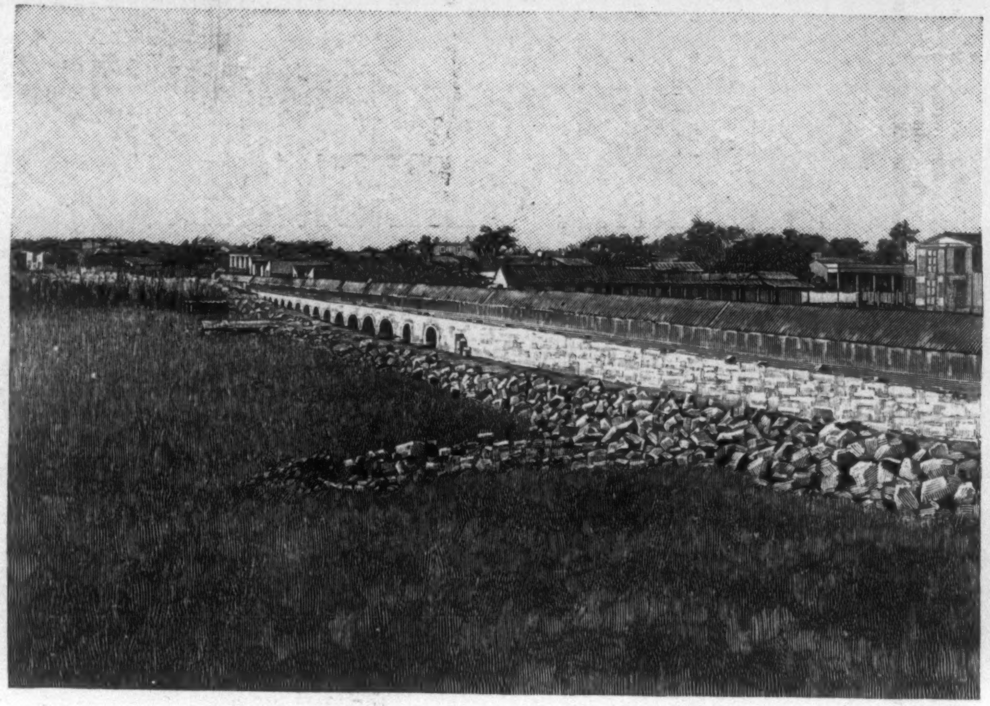
There is a phrase that conveys a vague but painful impression of alarm to the minds of a large number of excellent Englishmen—"Americanizing politics." The general idea is of a lot of common people having the right to do things which cannot be foreseen, and interrupting comfortable and therefore safe and respectable conditions. But the new Gladstone administration has gone a step further in this direction than we Americans had thought of going. It has proposed to introduce in Ireland what is known as the referendum, adapted from the practice of the Swiss Confederation. The home-rule bill, as sketched in the London despatches, provides that in the case of a disagreement between the upper and lower houses of the Irish legislature, which cannot be settled by conference, the question shall be referred to the popular vote. This is, of course, a logical development of the English system under which a ministry, defeated on an important vote, appeals to the country, but the new process is much more simple and direct, and may be much more sweeping. When a ministry "goes to the country," it is not necessarily the specific question on which it was defeated that is decided by the popular vote; it is rather the general preference of the people as between the two parties. But while the referendum may give a more complete judgment by the people as to the question submitted, that judgment may be to the last degree hasty, and may be passionate and mischievous. There is a chance for a steady and frequent succession of political "ructions" in Ireland under this scheme that will doubtless give unmixed delight to the people, but that may not contribute to the peace, and still less to the progress, of the island, or of its much-perplexed sister across the channel.



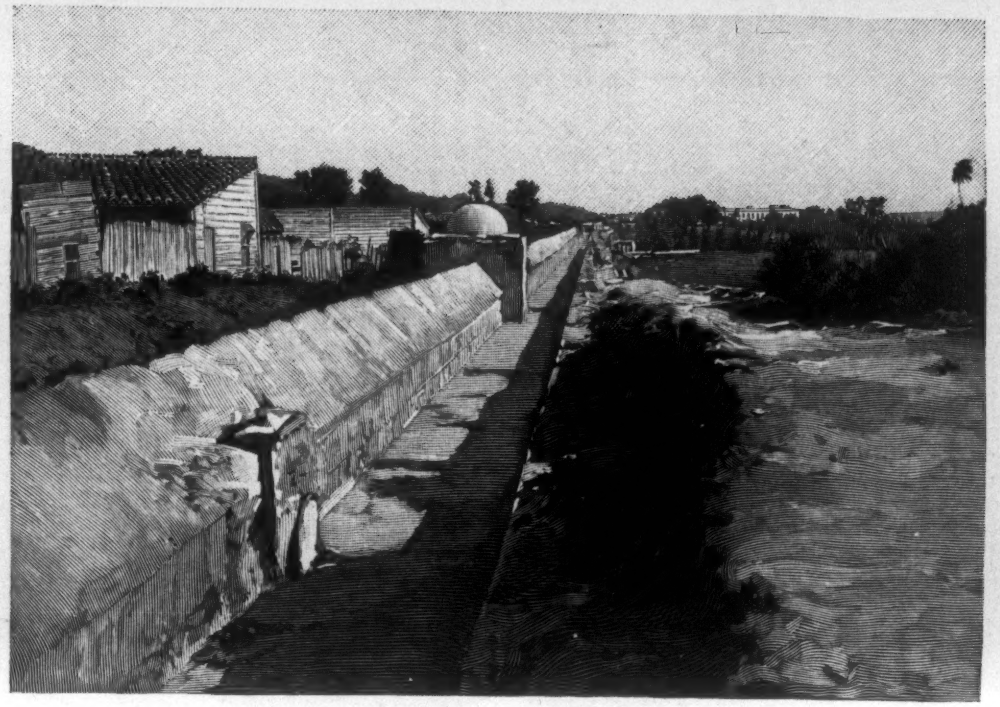
GATE-HOUSE AND DISTRIBUTING RESERVOIRS AT PALATINO, TWO MILES FROM HAVANA.



CONSTRUCTION OF RESERVOIRS AND GATE-HOUSE AT PALATINO.



MAIN AQUEDUCT, "CANAL DE ALBEAR," NEAR VENTO, NINE MILES FROM HAVANA.



"CANAL DE ALBEAR" AND PORTION OF "ACUEDUCTO FERNANDO LETIMO," IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

THE HAVANA WATER-WORKS, OPENED JANUARY 23, 1893.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 127.]

# THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

### BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE YELLOW FACE.

[In publishing these short sketches based upon the numerous cases in which my companion's singular gifts have made us the listeners to, and eventually the actors in some strange drama, it is only natural that I should dwell rather upon his successes than upon his failures. And this not so much for the sake of his reputation—for, indeed, it was when he was at his wits' end that his energy and his versatility were most admirable—but because where he failed it happened too often that no one else succeeded, and that the tale was left forever without a conclusion. Now and again, however, it chanced that even when he erred, the truth was still discovered. I have noted of some half-dozen cases of the kind the Adventure of the Musgrave Ritual and that which I am about to recount are the two which present the strongest features of interest.]

SHERLOCK HOLMES was a man who seldom took exercise for exercise's sake. Few men were capable of greater muscular effort, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest boxers of his weight that I have ever seen, but he looked upon aimless bodily exertion as a waste of energy, and he seldom bestirred himself save where there was some professional object to be served. Then he was absolutely untiring and indefatigable. That he should have kept himself in training under such circumstances is remarkable, but his diet was usually of the sparest, and his habits were simple to the verge of austerity. Save for the occasional use of cocaine, he had no vices, and he only turned to the drug as a protest against the monotony of existence when cases were scanty and the papers uninteresting.

One day in early spring he had so far relaxed as to go for a walk with me in the Park, where the first faint shoots of green were breaking out upon the elms, and the sticky spear-heads of the chestnuts were just beginning to burst into their fivefold leaves. For two hours we rambled about together, in silence for the most part, as befits two men who know each other intimately. It was nearly five before we were back in Baker Street once more.

"Beg pardon, sir," said our page-boy, as he opened the door. "There's been a gentleman here asking for you, sir."

Holmes glanced reproachfully at me. "So much for afternoon walks!" said he. "Has this gentleman gone, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you ask him in?"

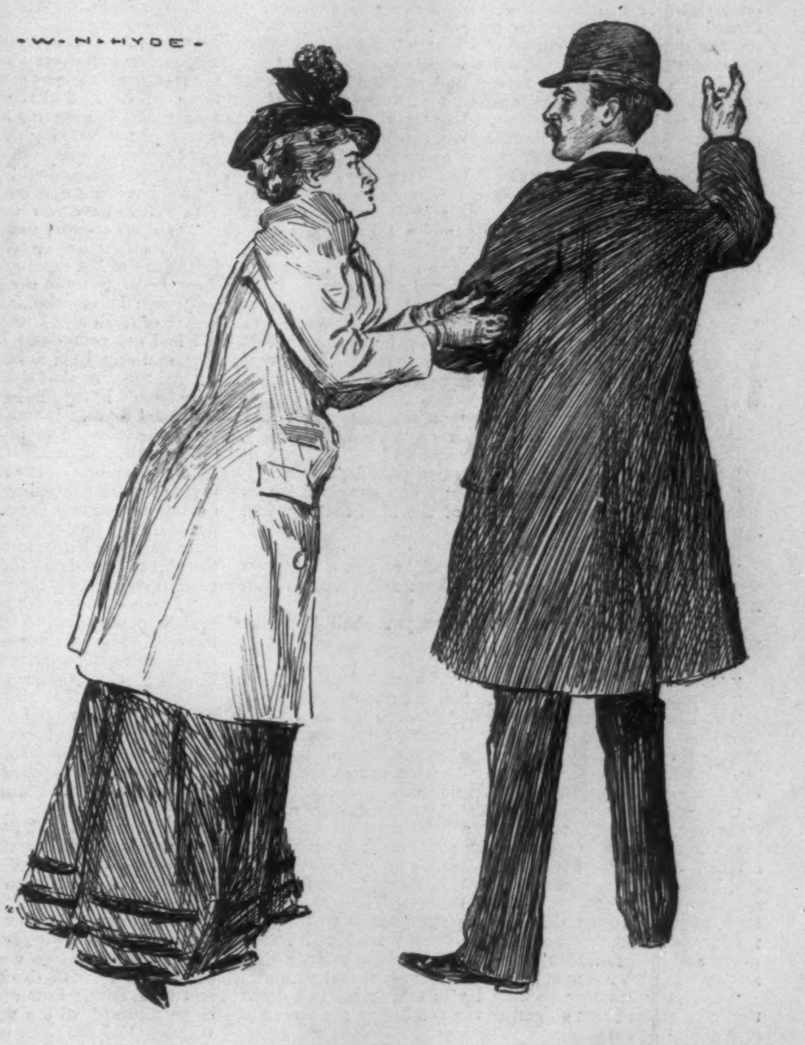
"Yes, sir; he came in."

"How long did he wait?"

"Half an hour, sir. He was a very restless gentleman, sir, a-walkin' and a-stampin' all the time he was here. I was waitin' outside the door, sir, and I could hear him. At last he out into the passage, and he cries, 'Is that man *never* goin' to come?' Those were his very words, sir. 'You'll only need to wait a little longer,' says I. 'Then I'll wait in the open air, for I feel half choked,' says he. 'I'll be back before long.' And with that he ups and he outs, and all I could say wouldn't hold him back."

"Well, well, you did your best," said Holmes, as we walked into our room. "It's very annoying, though, Watson. I was badly in need of a case, and this looks, from the man's impatience, as if it were of importance. Hullo! that's not your pipe on the table. He must have left his behind him. A nice old brier with a good long stem of what the tobacconists call amber. I wonder how many real amber mouthpieces there are in London? Some people think that a fly in it is a sign. Well, he must have been disturbed in his mind to leave a pipe behind him which he evidently values highly."

"How do you know that he values it highly?" I asked.



"SHE SEIZED MY SLEEVE AND PULLED ME BACK WITH CONVULSIVE STRENGTH."

"Well, I should put the original cost of the pipe at seven and sixpence. Now it has, you see, been twice mended, once in the wooden stem and once in the amber. Each of these mends, done, as you observe, with silver bands, must have cost more than the pipe did originally. The man must value the pipe highly when he prefers to patch it up rather than buy a new one with the same money."

"Anything else?" I asked, for Holmes was turning the pipe about in his hand, and staring at it in his peculiar pensive way.

He held it up and tapped on it with his long thin forefinger as a professor might who was lecturing on a bone.

"Pipes are occasionally of extraordinary interest," said he. "Nothing has more individuality, save perhaps watches and bootlaces. The indications here, however, are neither very marked nor very important. The owner is obviously a muscular man, left-handed, with an excellent set of teeth, careless in his habits, and with no need to practise economy."

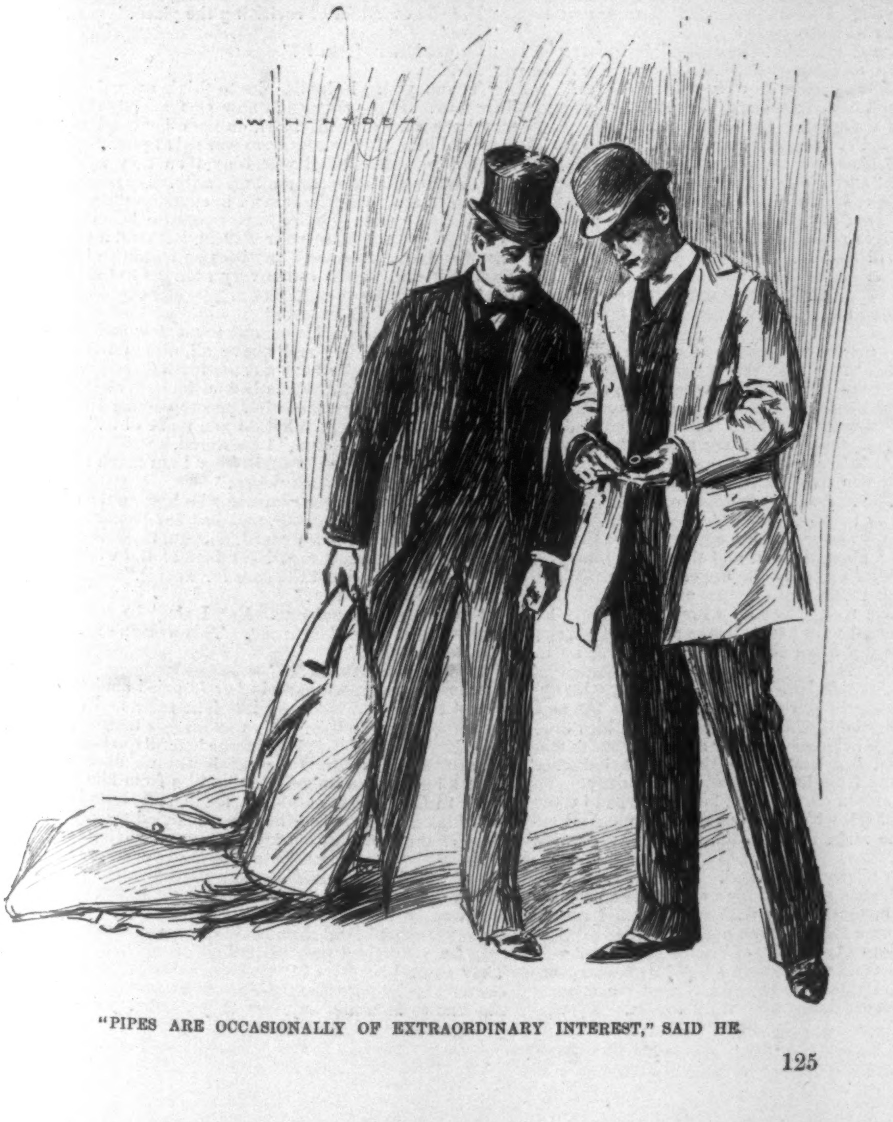
My friend threw out the information in a very offhand way, but I saw that he cocked his eye at me to see if I had followed his reasoning.

"You think a man must be well-to-do if he smokes a seven-shilling pipe," said I.

"This is Grosvenor mixture at eightpence an ounce," Holmes answered, knocking a little out on his palm. "As he might get an excellent smoke for half the price, he has no need to practise economy."

"And the other points?"

"He has been in the habit of lighting his pipe at lamps and gas jets. You can see that it is quite charred all down one side. Of course a match could not have done that. Why should a man hold a match to the side of his pipe? But you cannot light it at a lamp without getting the bowl charred. And it is all on the right side of the pipe. From that I gather that he is a left-handed man. You hold your own pipe to the lamp, and see how naturally you, being right-handed, hold the left side to the flame. You might do it once the other way, but not as a constancy. This has always been held so. Then he has bitten through his amber. It takes a muscular, energetic fellow, and one with a good set of teeth, to do that. But if I am not mistaken I hear him upon the stair, so we shall have something more interesting than his pipe to study."



"PIPES ARE OCCASIONALLY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST," SAID HE.

An instant later our door opened, and a tall young man entered the room. He was well but quietly dressed in a dark gray suit, and carried a brown wideawake in his hand. I should have put him at about thirty, though he was really some years older.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with some embarrassment; "I suppose I should have knocked. Yes, of course I should have knocked. The fact is that I am a little upset, and you must put it all down to that." He passed his hand over his forehead like a man who is half dazed, and then fell rather than sat down upon a chair.

"I can see that you have not slept for a night or two," said Holmes, in his easy genial way. "That tries a man's nerves more than work, and more even than pleasure. May I ask how I can help you?"

"I wanted your advice, sir. I don't know what to do, and my whole life seems to have gone to pieces."

"You wish to employ me as a consulting detective?"

"Not that only. I want your opinion as a judicious man—as a man of the world. I want to know what I ought to do next. I hope to God you'll be able to tell me."

He spoke in little sharp jerky outbursts, and it seemed to me that to speak at all was very painful to him, and that his will all through was overriding his inclinations.

"It's a very delicate thing," said he. "One does not like to speak of one's domestic affairs to strangers. It seems dreadful to discuss the conduct of one's wife with two men whom I have never seen before. It's horrible to have to do it. But I've got to the end of my tether, and I must have advice."

"My dear Mr. Grant Munro—" began Holmes.

Our visitor sprang from his chair. "What!" he cried, "you know my name?"

"If you wish to preserve your incognito," said Holmes, smiling, "I would suggest that you cease to write your name upon the lining of your hat, or else that you turn the crown towards the person whom you are addressing. I was about to say that my friend and I have listened to a good many strange secrets in this room, and that we have had the good fortune to bring peace to many troubled souls. I trust that we may do as much for you. Might I beg you, as time may prove to be of importance, to furnish me with the facts of your case without further delay?"

Our visitor again passed his hand over his forehead, as if he found it bitterly hard. From every gesture and expression I could see that he was a reserved, self-contained man, with a dash of pride in his nature, more likely to hide his wounds than to expose them. Then suddenly, with a fierce gesture of his closed hand, like one who throws reserve to the winds, he began.

"The facts are these, Mr. Holmes," said he. "I am a married man, and have been so for three years. During that time my wife and I have loved each other as fondly and lived as happily as any two that ever were joined. We have not had a difference, not one, in thought or word or deed. And now, since last Monday, there has suddenly sprung up a barrier between us, and I find that there is something in her life and in her thoughts of which I know as little as if she were the woman who brushes by me in the street. We are estranged, and I want to know why.

"Now there is one thing that I want to impress upon you before I go any further, Mr. Holmes. Effie loves me. Don't let there be any mistake about that. She loves me with her whole heart and soul, and never more than now. I know it. I feel it. I don't want to argue about that. A man can tell easily enough when a woman loves him. But there's this secret between us, and we can never be the same until it is cleared."

"Kindly let me have the facts, Mr. Munro," said Holmes, with some impatience.

"I'll tell you what I know about Effie's history. She was a widow when I met her first, though quite young—only twenty-five. Her name then was Mrs. Hebron. She went out to America when she was young, and lived in the town of Atlanta, where she married this Hebron, who was a lawyer with a good practice. They had one child, but the yellow fever broke out badly in the place, and both husband and child died of it. I have seen his death certificate. This sickened her of America, and she came back to live with a maiden aunt at Pinner, in Middlesex. I may mention that her husband had left her comfortably off, and that she had a capital of about four thousand five hundred pounds, which had been so well invested by him that it returned an average of seven per cent. She had only been six months at Pinner when I met her; we fell in love with each other, and we married a few weeks afterwards.

"I am a hop merchant myself, and as I have an income of seven or eight hundred, we found ourselves comfortably off, and took a nice eighty-pound-a-year villa at Norbury. Our little place was very countrified, considering that it is so close to town. We had an inn and two houses a little above us, and a single cottage at the other side of the field which faces us, and except those there were no houses until you got half-way to the station. My business took me into town at certain seasons, but in summer I had less to do, and then in our country home my wife and I were just as happy as could be wished. I tell you that there never was a shadow between us until this accursed affair began.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you before I go further. When we married, my wife made over all her property to me — rather against my will, for I saw how awkward it would be if my business affairs went wrong. However, she would have it so, and it was done. Well, about six weeks ago she came to me.

"'Jack,' said she, 'when you took my money you said that if ever I wanted any I was to ask you for it.'

"'Certainly,' said I. 'It's all your own.'

"'Well,' said she, 'I want a hundred pounds.'

"I was a bit staggered at this, for I had imagined it was simply a new dress or something of the kind that she was after.

"'What on earth for?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said she, in her playful way, 'you said that you were only my banker, and bankers never ask questions, you know.'

"'If you really mean it, of course you shall have the money,' said I.

"'Oh yes, I really mean it.'

"'And you won't tell me what you want it for?'

"'Some day, perhaps, but not just at present, Jack.'

"So I had to be content with that, though it was the first time that there had ever been any secret between us. I gave her a check, and I never thought any more of the matter. It may have nothing to do with what came afterwards, but I thought it only right to mention it.

"Well, I told you just now that there is a cottage not far from our house. There is just a field between us, but to reach it you have to go along the road and then turn down a lane. Just beyond it is a nice little grove of Scotch firs, and I used to be very fond of strolling down there, for trees are always a neighborly kind of things. The cottage had been standing empty this eight months, and it was a pity, for it was a pretty two-storied place, with an old-fashioned porch and honeysuckle about it. I have stood many a time and thought what a neat little homestead it would make.

"Well, last Monday evening I was taking a stroll down that way, when I met an empty van coming up the lane, and saw a pile of carpets and things lying about on the grass-plot beside the porch. It was clear that the cottage had at last been let. I walked past it, and then stopping, as an idle man might, I ran my eye over it, and wondered what sort of folk they were who had come to live so near us. And as I looked I suddenly became aware that a face was watching me out of one of the upper windows.

"I don't know what there was about that face, Mr. Holmes, but it seemed to send a chill right down my back. I was some little way off, so that I could not make out the features, but there was something unnatural and inhuman about the face. That was the impression that I had, and I moved quickly forwards to get a nearer view of the person who was watching me. But as I did so the face suddenly disappeared, so suddenly that it seemed to have been plucked away into the darkness of the room. I stood for five minutes thinking the business over, and trying to analyze my impressions. I could not tell if the face were that of a man or a woman. It had been too far from me for that. But its color was what had impressed me most. It was of a livid chalky white, and with something set and rigid about it which was shockingly unnatural. So disturbed was I that I determined to see a little more of the new inmates of the cottage. I approached and knocked at the door, which was instantly opened by a tall gaunt woman with a harsh forbidding face.

"'What may you be wantin'?' she asked, in a Northern accent.

"'I am your neighbor over yonder,' said I, nodding towards my house. 'I see that you have only just moved in, so I thought that if I could be of any help to you in any—'

"Ay, we'll just ask ye when we want ye,' said she, and shut the door in my face. Annoyed at the churlish rebuff, I turned my back and walked home. All evening, though I tried to think of other things, my mind would still turn to the apparition at the window and the rudeness of the woman. I determined to say nothing about the former to my wife, for she is a nervous, highly strung woman, and I had no wish that she should share the unpleasant impression which had been produced upon myself. I remarked to her, however, before I fell asleep, that the cottage was now occupied, to which she returned no reply.

"I am usually an extremely sound sleeper. It has been a standing jest in the family that nothing could ever wake me during the night. And yet somehow on that particular night, whether it may have been the slight excitement produced by my little adventure or not I know not, but I slept much more lightly than usual. Half in my dreams I was dimly conscious that something was going on in the room, and gradually became aware that my wife had dressed herself and was slipping on her mantle and her bonnet. My lips were parted to murmur out some sleepy words of surprise or remonstrance at this untimely preparation, when suddenly my half-opened eyes fell upon her face, illuminated by the candle-light, and astonishment held me dumb. She wore an expression such as I had never seen before—such as I should have thought her incapable of assuming. She was deadly pale, and breathing fast, glancing furtively towards the bed as she fastened her mantle, to see if she had disturbed me. Then, thinking that I was still asleep, she slipped noiselessly from the room, and an instant later I heard a sharp creaking which could only come from the hinges of the front door. I sat up in bed and rapped my knuckles against the rail to make certain that I was truly awake. Then I took my watch from under the pillow. It was three in the morning. What on this earth could my wife be doing out on the country road at three in the morning?

"I had sat for about twenty minutes turning the thing over in my mind and trying to find some possible explanation. The more I thought, the more extraordinary and inexplicable did it appear. I was still puzzling over it when I heard the door gently close again, and her footsteps coming up the stairs.

"'Where in the world have you been, Effie?' I asked as she entered.

"She gave a violent start and a kind of gasping cry when I spoke, and that cry and start troubled me more than all the rest, for there was something indescribably guilty about them. My wife had always been a woman of a frank, open nature, and it gave me a chill to see her slinking into her own room, and crying out and wincing when her own husband spoke to her.

"'You awake, Jack!' she cried, with a nervous laugh. 'Why, I thought that nothing could awake you.'

"'Where have you been?' I asked, more sternly.

"'I don't wonder that you are surprised,' said she, and I could see that her fingers were trembling as she undid the fastenings of her mantle. "Why, I never remember having done such a thing in my life before. The fact is that I felt as though I were choking, and had a perfect longing for a breath of fresh air. I really think that I should have fainted if I had not gone out. I stood at the door for a few minutes, and now I am quite myself again.'

"All the time that she was telling me this story she never once looked in my direction, and her voice was quite unlike her usual tones. It was evident to me that she was saying what was false. I said nothing in reply, but turned my face to the wall, sick at heart, with my mind filled with a thousand venomous doubts and suspicions. What was it that my wife was concealing from me? Where had she been during that strange expedition? I felt that I should have no peace until I knew, and yet I shrank from asking her again after once she had told me what was false. All the rest of the night I tossed and tumbled, framing theory after theory, each more unlikely than the last.

"I should have gone to the city that day, but I was too disturbed in my mind to be able to pay attention to business matters. My wife seemed to be as upset as myself, and I could see from the little questioning glances which she kept shooting at me that she understood that I disbelieved her statement, and that she was at her wits' end what to do. We hardly exchanged a word during breakfast, and immediately afterwards I went out for a walk, that I might think the matter out in the fresh morning air.

"I went as far as the Crystal Palace, spent an hour in the grounds, and was back in Norbury by one o'clock. It happened that my way took me past the cottage, and I stopped for an instant to look at the windows, and to see if I could catch a glimpse of the strange face which had looked out at me on the day before. As I stood there, imagine my surprise, Mr. Holmes, when the door suddenly opened and my wife walked out.

"I was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight of her; but my emotions were nothing to those which showed themselves upon her face when our eyes met. She seemed for an instant to wish to shrink back inside the house again; and then, seeing how useless all concealment must be, she came forward, with a very white face and frightened eyes which belied the smile upon her lips.

"'Ah, Jack,' she said, 'I have just been in to see if I can be of any assistance to our new neighbors. Why do you look at me like that, Jack? You are not angry with me?'

"'So,' said I, 'this is where you went during the night.'

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'You came here. I am sure of it. Who are these people, that you should visit them at such an hour?'

"'I have not been here before.'

"'How can you tell me what you know is false?' I cried. 'Your very voice changes as you speak. When have I ever had a secret from you? I shall enter that cottage, and I shall probe the matter to the bottom.'

"'No, no, Jack, for God's sake!' she gasped, in incontrollable emotion. Then, as I approached the door, she seized my sleeve and pulled me back with convulsive strength.

"'I implore you not to do this, Jack,' she cried. 'I swear that I will tell you everything some day, but nothing but misery can come of it if you enter that cottage.' Then, as I tried to shake her off, she clung to me in a frenzy of entreaty.

"'Trust me, Jack!' she cried. 'Trust me only this once. You will never have cause to regret it. You know that I would not have a secret from you if it were not for your own sake. Our whole lives are at stake in this. If you come home with me, all will be well. If you force your way into that cottage, all is over between us.'

"There was such earnestness, such despair, in her manner that her words arrested me, and I stood irresolute before the door.

"'I will trust you on one condition, and on one condition only,' said I at last. 'It is that this mystery comes to an end from now. You are at liberty to preserve your secret, but you must promise me that there shall be no more nightly visits, no more doings which are kept from my knowledge. I am willing to forget those which are passed if you will promise that there shall be no more in the future.'

"'I was sure that you would trust me,' she cried, with a great sigh of relief. 'It shall be just as you wish. Come away—oh, come away up to the house.'

"Still pulling at my sleeve, she led me away from the cottage. As we went I glanced back, and there was that yellow livid face watching us out of the upper window. What link could there be between that creature and my wife? Or how could the coarse rough woman whom I had seen the day before be connected with her? It was a strange puzzle, and yet I knew that my mind could never know ease again until I had solved it.

"For two days after this I staid at home, and my wife appeared to abide loyally by our engagement, for, as far as I know, she never stirred out of the house. On the third day, however, I had ample evidence that her solemn promise was not enough to hold her back from this secret influence which drew her away from her husband and her duty.

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.36, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face.

"'Where is your mistress?' I asked.

"'I think that she has gone out for a walk,' she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed up stairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then of course I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone over there, and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tingling with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and forever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage.

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground-floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in the basket; but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description, save in the one chamber at the window of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce bitter flame when I saw that on the mantel-piece stood a copy of a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago.

"I staid long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall as I entered my house; but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her, I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door.

"'I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack,' said she; 'but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me.'

"'Tell me everything, then,' said I.

"'I cannot, Jack, I cannot,' she cried.

"'Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us,' said I, and breaking away from her, I left the house. That was yesterday, Mr. Holmes, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But, above all, tell me quickly what I am to do, for this misery is more than I can bear."

Holmes and I had listened with the utmost interest to this extraordinary statement, which had been delivered in the jerky broken fashion of a man who is under the influence of extreme emotion. My companion sat silent now for some time, with his chin upon his hand, lost in thought.

"Tell me," said he at last, "could you swear that this was a man's face which you saw at the window?"

"Each time that I saw it I was some distance away from it, so that it is impossible for me to say."

"You appear, however, to have been disagreeably impressed by it."

"It seemed to be of an unnatural color, and to have a strange rigidity about the features. When I approached, it vanished with a jerk."

"How long is it since your wife asked you for a hundred pounds?"

"Nearly two months."

"Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?"

"No; there was a great fire at Atlanta very shortly after his death, and all her papers were destroyed."

"And yet she had a certificate of death. You say that you saw it."

"Yes; she got a duplicate after the fire."

"Did you ever meet any one who knew her in America?"

"No."

"Did she ever talk of revisiting the place?"

"No."

"Or get letters from it?"

"No."

"Thank you. I should like to think over the matter a little now. If the cottage is now permanently deserted we may have some difficulty. If, on the other hand, as I fancy is more likely, the inmates were warned of your coming, and left before you entered yesterday, then they may be back now, and we should clear it all up easily. Let me advise you, then, to return to Norbury, and to examine the windows of the cottage again. If you have reason to believe that it is inhabited, do not force your way in, but send a wire to my friend and me. We shall be with you within an hour of receiving it, and we shall then very soon get to the bottom of the business."

"And if it is still empty?"

"In that case I shall come out to-morrow and talk it over with you. Good-by; and, above all, do not fret until you know that you really have a cause for it."

"I am afraid that this is a bad business, Watson," said my companion, as he returned after accompanying Mister Grant Munro to the door. "What do you make of it?"

"It had an ugly sound," I answered.

"Yes. There's blackmail in it, or I am much mistaken."

"And who is the blackmailer?"

"Well, it must be the creature who lives in the only comfortable room in the place, and has her photograph above his fireplace. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive about that livid face at the window, and I would not have missed the case for worlds."

"You have a theory?"

"Yes, a provisional one. But I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is in that cottage."

"Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The facts, as I read them, are something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities; or shall we say that he contracted some loathsome disease, and became a leper or an imbecile. She flies from him at last, returns to England, changes her name, and starts her life, as she thinks, afresh. She has been married three years, and believes that her position is quite secure, having shown her husband the death certificate of some man whose name she has assumed, when suddenly her whereabouts is discovered by her first husband; or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman who has attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife, and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for a hundred pounds, and endeavors to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are new-comers in the cottage, she knows in some way that they are her pursuers. She waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavor to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success, she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told us, as she came out. She promised him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbors was too strong for her, and she made another attempt, taking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded from her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushed in to say that the master had come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurried the inmates out at the back door, into the grove of fir-trees, probably, which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he found the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoitres it this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts. When new facts come to our knowledge which cannot be covered by it, it will be time enough to reconsider it. We can do nothing more until we have a message from our friend at Norbury."

But we had not a very long time to wait for that. It came just as we had finished our tea. "The cottage is still tenanted," it said. "Have seen the face again at the window. Will meet the seven-o'clock train, and will take no steps until you arrive."

He was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation.

"They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hard hand upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now once and for all."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Holmes, as he walked down the dark tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it is better that you should not solve the mystery?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally, we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong; but I think that it is worth it."

It was a very dark night, and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the highroad into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees. "And here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked, we saw a dark blur moving across the blind.

"There is that creature!" cried Grant Munro. "You can see for yourselves that some one is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door; but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp-light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't, Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie," he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me! I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and forever!" He pushed her to one side, and we followed closely after him. As he threw the door open an old woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage, but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered at his heels.

It was a cozy, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantel-piece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long white gloves on. As she whisked round to us, I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned toward us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negress, with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing, out of sympathy with her merriment; but Grant Munro stood staring, with his hand clutching his throat.

"My God!" he cried. "What can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the lady, sweeping into the room with a proud set face. "You have forced me, against my own judgment, to tell you, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child?"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man strikingly handsome and intelligent-looking, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him, but never once while he lived did I for an instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But dark or fair, she is my own dear little girlie, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress. "When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, and I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little face and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy with fear that you should learn the truth.

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awake you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now to-night you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long ten minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out.

"I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night, when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

## IN FEBRUARY DAYS.

Fair Nature, like the mother of a wayward child
  Who needs must chide the offspring of her heart,
Disguiseth for a season all the sweet and mild
  Maternal softness for an austere part.

And 'neath her frown the errant earth in winter seems
  Prostrate to lie, and petulant of mood;
Restrained in icy fetters all the babbling streams,
  Like naughty babes who're learning to be good.

Then, in this second month, most motherlike again,
  The frown assumed gives now and then a place
To soft indulgent glances, lessening the pain,
  And hints of spring and pardon light her face.

John Kendrick Bangs.

## SLEIGHING IN THE PARK.

The Gulf Stream, to the divagations of which it is the custom to attribute the eccentricities of our climate, has for many years deprived New York of "an old-fashioned winter." The new-fashioned winter, with its alternations of slush and mud, is pleasing to no man, least of all to the man who owns an unavailable sleigh. He is lucky if he gets a week of tolerable sleighing in two-day instalments. Some twelve years ago there were six continuous weeks of snow practicable for runners, and that reversion to the old fashion was esteemed as portentous. But this year there has been enough of a reversion to provide us with three weeks, or seventeen days, to be precise, of sleighing. During this period the owner of horses and chariots who had refrained from sending his sleighs to be sold, or from breaking them up, rejoiced in himself as a prudent and long-sighted citizen, while the owner whom repeated discouragement had made sleighless was correspondingly cast down. "If the red sleigher thought he sleighed" in a hired vehicle he knew not well the subtle ways of the livery-stable man, or else he himself was a man of great possessions. For the series of new-fashioned winters which had induced the owners of horses who were not also the owners of stables to dispose of their sleighs, and the owners of horses who were to relegate their sleighs to the remotest loft, had brought the stable men also to the conviction that the room of a sleigh was better than its company. For the few sleighs that they retained they demanded of the hirer for a day exorbitant sums, adding interest and storage for all the snowless winters to the normal usufruct of a not very costly conveyance.

But the rare recurrence of a season of sleighing has thus the effect of bringing out whatever goes upon runners and can be drawn over snow, and of giving to the procession of sleighs a motley aspect more picturesque than stately. The fashionable sleigh is of Russian origin, and those who can afford to follow a fashion so seldom in request make themselves into the likeness of Russian noblemen, with a troika of high-stepping horses, caparisoned with plumes and gong-like bells in place of the old-fashioned strings, and enwrap themselves like Arctic explorers. One equipage that was in daily evidence in the Park as long as the sleighing lasted, and that deserved the admiration it attracted, was drawn by three white horses, of which the harness was covered with white fur. The fashionable cutter is a low sledge with solid runners, in which the inmates sit very near the ground, and in which their outlook is confined to the looming rear-elevation of the horse. These comparatively new-fangled vehicles are composed of straight lines and right angles, and are quite devoid of any pretensions to gracefulness. It must be owned that they make but a sorry showing, from the æsthetic point of view, beside the old-fashioned sleighs which the old-fashioned winter has brought out from the lurking-places where they have been biding their time; the double sleighs on high runners, of which the driver's seat is a lofty perch; the sleighs "breasted like the swan" in front, and with the swinging curve of the shallop behind, in which our respected parents took their winter pleasures. Equally disadvantageous to the newer fashion is the comparison between the fashionable one-horse sled and the jaunty old cutter. But there were also to be seen in the Park, before the rains came, fantastic sleighs that belonged to no school, from the gig-top set upon runners to the wagon-box upon the same. All these added to the animation and variety of the exhilarating procession that was visible on the East Drive every afternoon while the snow lasted.

## HAVANA'S NEW WATER-WORKS.

### BY HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

The greatest boon conferred on the human race in all ages has been pure drinking water, yet, withal, it is remarkable how many populous and wealthy cities, pest-ridden with disease, have gone without this most precious of possessions, when to have it would not only have eradicated the disease from their borders, but have also increased the commercial prosperity of their city fourfold. This has been the situation in beautiful Havana, that gem set in the larger "Gem of the Isles," as Christopher Columbus named the famous Isle of Cuba. For fifty-eight years Havana has been building water-works to supply the inhabitants thereof with pure cold sparkling water, but with that delicious languor, lack of energy, amounting to sheer laziness, with which Spanish Americans in the tropics are afflicted, the Havanese have swung in their hammocks under the wide-spreading acacias, smoked their fragrant fumar de Cubas, and exclaimed, "*Mañana! mañana!*" which in less flowery English is the equivalent of "To-morrow! to-morrow! Then will be time enough!" In the mean while the Havanese have drunk rotting, stagnant water filled with bacteria from cisterns, or muddy water reeking with silt from the old Acueducto Fernando Letimo, the consequence of which was that there never was a time that yellow fever was not prevalent in the city, and that hundreds of thousands of Northerners who would have wintered in Cuba avoided the island as a pestiferous lazaretto.

At last Havana, owing to the enterprise of an American firm, has an adequate supply of pure cold sparkling water, drawn from living springs, and flowing and pulsating through pipes to the uttermost confines of the city. The water-works being finished, the water was let into the mains at high noon on Monday, January 23, 1893, the occasion being made one of general thanksgiving and rejoicing throughout the entire department of Havana. The event was signalized by a grand *fiesta* in the city, the day being proclaimed a general holiday by the Captain-General. The celebration included a grand military and civic procession during the morning, of which the Captain-General officiated as grand marshal, accompanied by the municipal authorities of the city on horseback. After parading through the principal avenues of the city, the procession proceeded to the gate-house of the reservoir, two miles from the city, where addresses were delivered by the Captain-General, the Mayor of the city of Havana, and members of the City Council. Mr. R. A. C. Smith, of Runkle, Smith, & Co., the American capitalists of New York who completed the long-delayed work, then in a formal address turned over the works to the municipal authorities. Present at the ceremonies were R. A. C. Smith and wife, H. G. and William Runkle and wives, and Mr. S. Johnson, of New York. After the ceremonies were concluded at the reservoir the parade returned to the city, disbanding on the Plaza. During the afternoon there were thanksgiving services in the cathedral, and the usual festivities, consisting of horse-racing, bull-fights, cock-fights, and athletic tournaments, in various parts of the city.

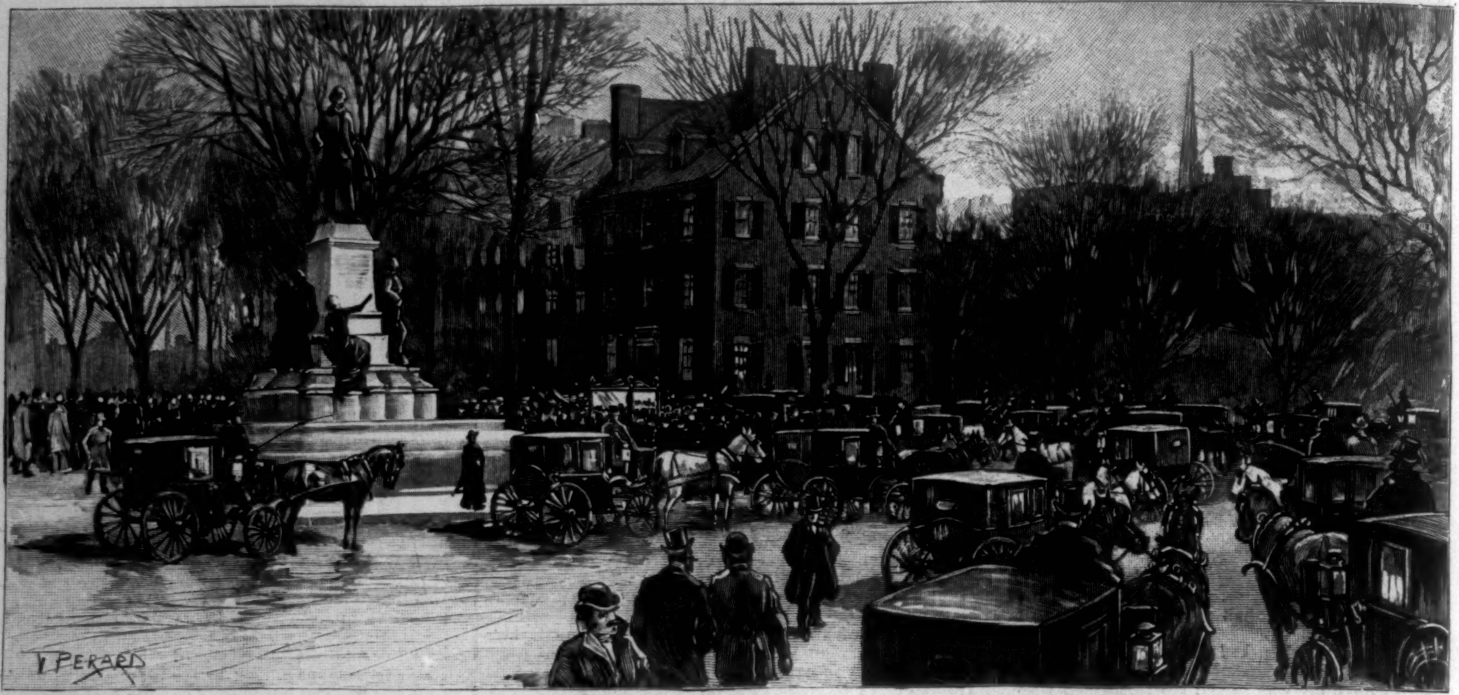
Havana is now the only city on the Island of Cuba having water-works, and the new system there, although it has taken over half a century to build it, is equal to any in the United States. As early as 1835 there was an outcry in Havana against impure water, and an effort to remedy the evil was made by constructing the Acueducto Fernando Letimo, to convey the waters of a murky stream called the Almendares River into the city. The river was dammed up between four and five miles from Havana, and the water, passed through a primitive filter of gravel, was conveyed through an eighteen-inch cast-iron pipe into the city. In this way a little over one million of gallons of very dirty water, which became positively vile during the rainy season, was secured per day. Twenty years later it was decided to augment the supply by collecting the waters of the "Springs of Vento," at the head-waters of the Almendares River, ten miles from Havana, where the water was pure and cold and uncontaminated, and the supply inexhaustible.

The idea originated with General Concha, and the work was intrusted to General Albear, an eminent Spanish engineer, president of the Board of Public Works of Cuba. After the usual delay, the new works were inaugurated on November 28, 1858, by a grand *fête champêtre* held at the springs. After two years more spent in surveys and the assembling of material, the work began.

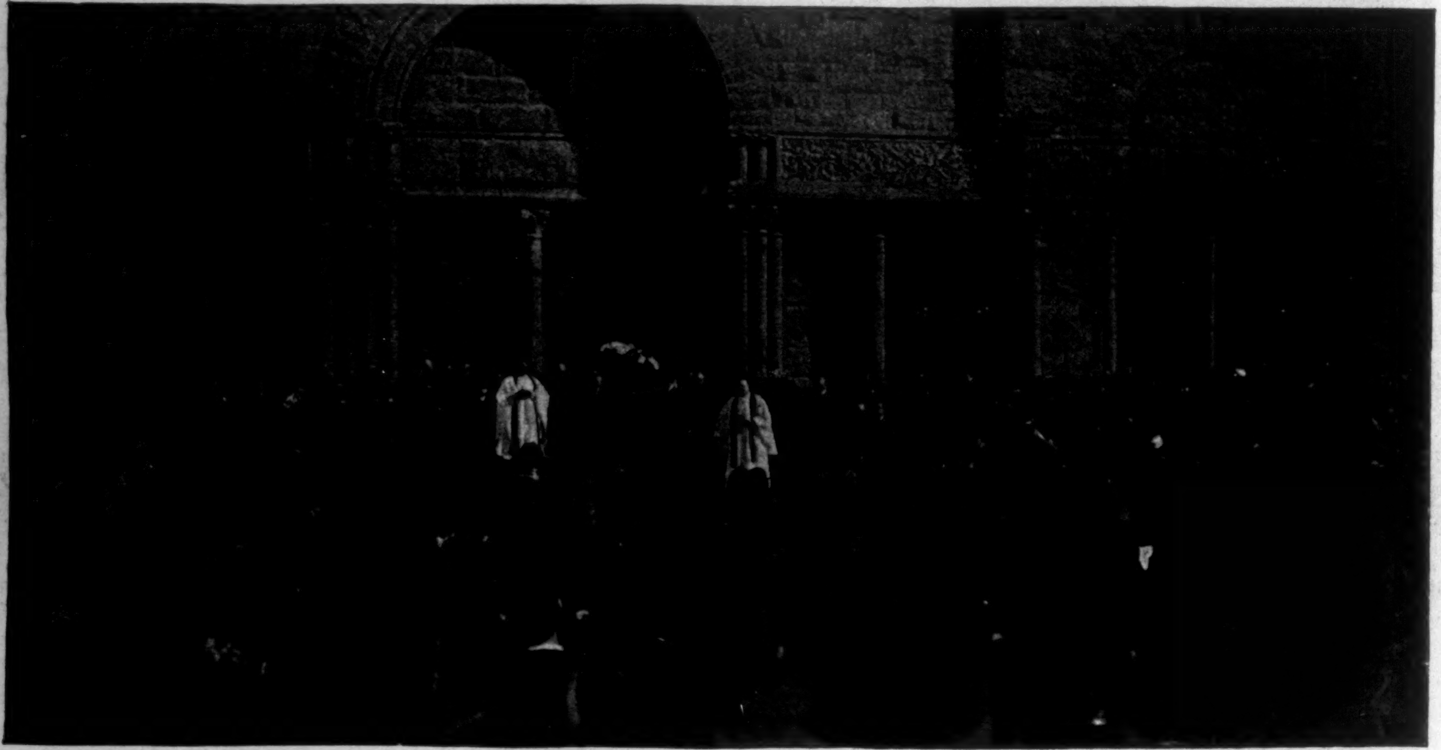
The springs, nearly four hundred in number, yielded about 40,000,000 of gallons of water per day, which was to be conducted under the bed of the Almendares River, through two 40-inch cast-iron pipes, to a masonry aqueduct six miles in length, leading to the designed distributing reservoir, to hold 16,000,000 gallons, at Palatino. On June 26, 1861, the first stone of the walls of the collecting basin at Vento was laid, and the work had progressed far enough to allow the tunnel under the river to be commenced in 1865. In March, 1872, the first water was passed through the tunnel, which was, as supposed, temporarily connected with the old supply filters of the Acueducto Fernando Letimo, augmenting the supply in a slight degree; and then work stopped.

General Albear died in 1887, leaving the works less than one-quarter completed, after having spent $3,500,000. The aqueduct was not ready to have water passed through it, the great reservoir at Palatino had not been built, nor a foot of pipe laid in the city, and such work as had been done was falling into decay, although twenty-nine years of actual work had been expended, when the American firm took hold of the work and completed it.

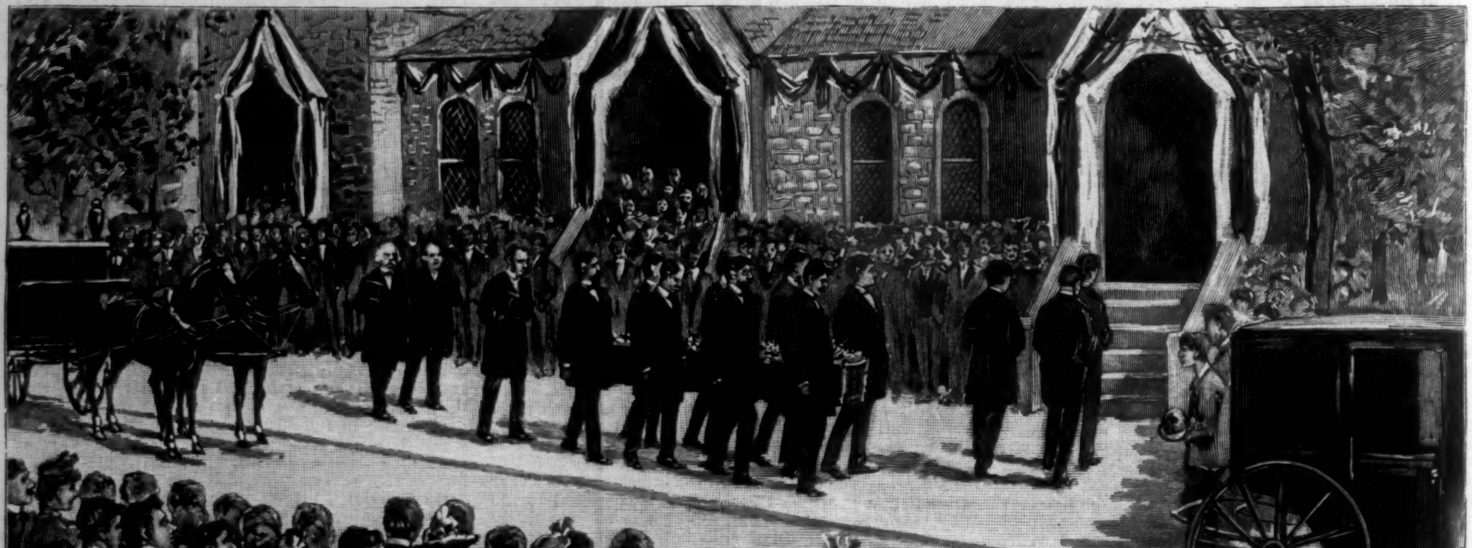
On January 31, 1890, their representative, Mr. Sherman Gould, M. Am. Soc. C. E., took charge of the work, and completed the aqueduct in a few weeks. In March of the same year he began the construction of the great reservoir at Palatino, and began laying the city mains, that work being put in charge of Mr. Hector Simonetti, of Rome, Italy. On Monday the triumph of Anglo-American energy over Spanish-American indecision and indolence culminated by the completion of the work. The city of Havana will now cease to be a breeding-place of yellow fever, and will have ample protection in case of fire, thousands of American fire-plug hydrants having been distributed through the streets. It is said that the municipal authorities now have under consideration the organization of a paid fire brigade, to be organized on the American plan. The works complete have cost the city of Havana nearly nine millions of dollars.



THE FUNERAL OF MR. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D.C., JANUARY 30.—From a Photograph by Charles H. Coe.

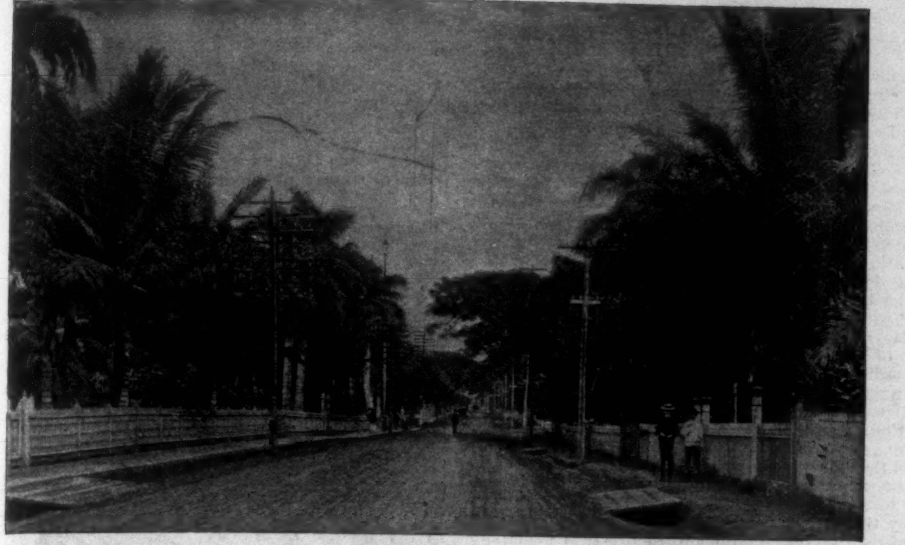


THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP BROOKS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY 26.—From a Photograph by Harry W. Brown.

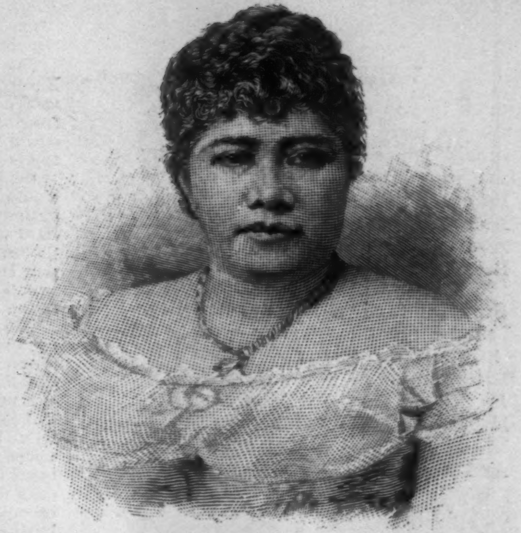


THE FUNERAL OF JUSTICE LAMAR, MACON, GEORGIA, JANUARY 27.—From a Sketch by F. C. Burroughs.

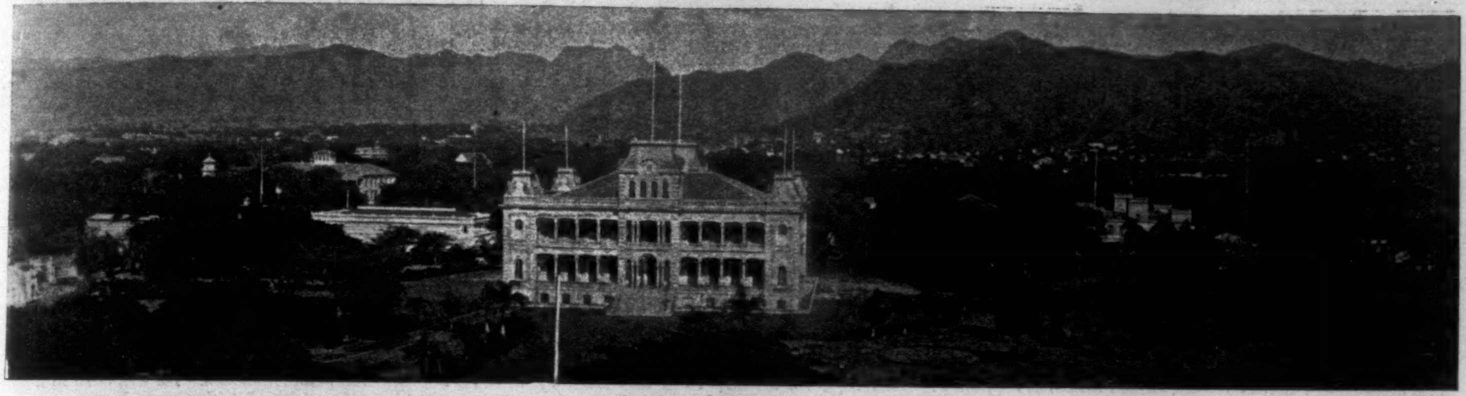
THREE NOTABLE FUNERALS.—[See Page 135.]



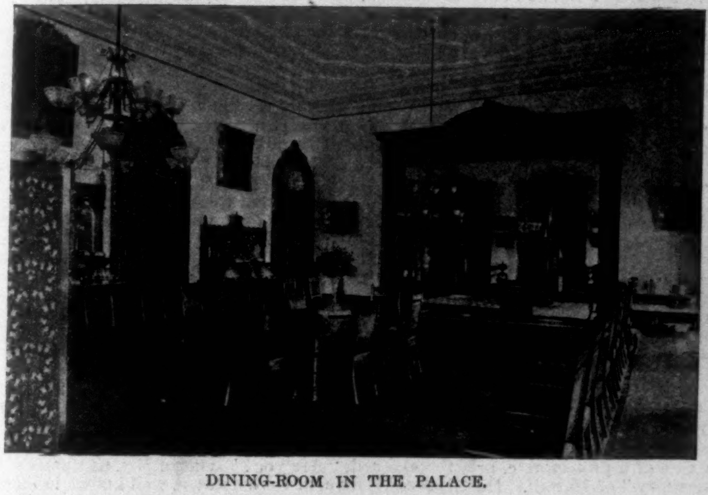
NUNANN STREET.



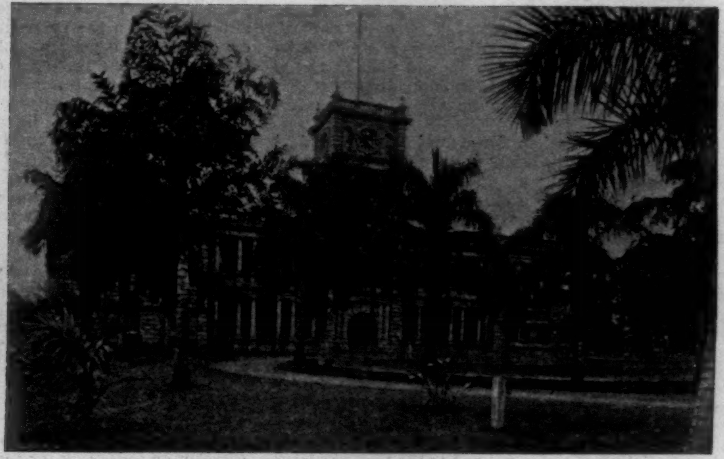
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.



PALACE AND SURROUNDINGS.



DINING-ROOM IN THE PALACE.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

A VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY.

THE HAWAIIAN REVOLT.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 130.]

## VALENTINE.

Unknown to you this rhyme who sends,
Yet are we, Love, the best of friends;
But should you scorn this waif of song
Of him who loved in silence long,
Be cruel then,—be cruel then,
And send young Cupid home again:
And he who loves will love forego
Because Love's first reply is *No!*

But, Sweetheart, when this message lies
Beneath the heavens of your eyes,
And looking into them above,
Whispers the secret of my love,—
Be kind I pray,—be kind I pray;
Remember Valentine, his day,
When he who loves may love confess
And hope to hear Love answer *Yes!*

F. D. Sherman.

## THE HAWAIIAN REVOLT.

An uprising of foreigners, principally Americans, at Honolulu on Saturday, January 14th, resulted in the establishment of a so-called provisional government, the dismissal of Queen Liliuokalani, and the abrogation of the "Hawaiian monarchical system." The immediate cause of the uprising was an attempt of the Queen to proclaim a new constitution, under the provisions of which she would have regained many of the powers wrested from her predecessors, and would have deprived the foreigners of the political powers which had been gradually growing since King Kamehameha's feudal rule gave way to a constitutional form of government. So far as is known at this writing, the revolution was accomplished without other bloodshed than that which followed from a slight gunshot wound inflicted on a policeman by an insurgent who was driving a wagon containing ammunition. The native government seems to have crumbled away before the mere breath of antagonism. A touch demolished the shell, the substantial elements having long since undergone disintegration.

The American minister, Mr. John L. Stevens, recognized the provisional government; Captain Gilbert C. Wiltse, commanding the United States cruiser *Boston*, landed his sailors and marines and took possession of the city. Finally a commission, headed by Mr. A. L. Thurston, was sent to this country with a request that the United States should annex the island.

Before the departure of the commissioners the Queen issued a proclamation protesting that she had yielded to the superior force of the United States, and demanding that this government should reinstate her as the constitutional sovereign of Hawaii.

Thus the matter stood when the commissioners reached this country. The English press at once broke into outcries against the intriguing "Yankees" who had managed to bring about a crisis for the purpose of annexing the Sandwich Islands to this country. On our own side there arose a discussion as to the policy of annexing the distant and alien people. The newspapers and the Congressmen who were ready to give opinions on short notice and insufficient data were generally in favor of speedy annexation, and advocated the reception of what they called the fortunate offer of the Hawaiians. It is true that we had no knowledge of the popular strength of the provisional government outside of the capital city of the government. The American minister had recognized the self-constituted authorities without authority from the State Department, but Liliuokalani still asserted that she was Queen. There was no evidence that the provisional government was firmly established, and none that the people of Hawaii desired to be annexed to the United States. All that is known is that certain American residents of Honolulu, backed by the sailors and marines of the *Boston*, and by the recognition of the United States minister, had deposed the Queen and formed a provisional government.

Under the circumstances it is too early to ask whether we want the islands, or to announce that this is the opportunity of the nation's life-time, or to denounce as unpatriotic, as Secretary of State Foster seems inclined to do, all who doubt the advisability of immediate annexation. Prudent people have not yet made these mistakes, and are waiting for more facts.

In the mean-time it is well to consider the relations of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, and the attitude of the government on the question of colonization. The islands since 1820 have been under American influence, and it is not until recent years that the British government has undertaken to contend with our fellow-countrymen for commercial and political supremacy, although in the last century Kamehameha I. ceded the islands to George III. It was doubtless the American missionary who first established the communion of interests between this country and the native islanders, but it is the American speculator, the adventurer, who, following the American whaler, has impressed his civilization on the people. In 1826, Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, commanding the United States sloop of war *Peacock*, visited the islands and made a treaty with the government, which was observed by the islanders, but was not regarded by the United States. In 1842 the Hawaiians offered to make a treaty with the United States, but Mr. Webster did not think it necessary to enter into negotiations. At the same time he laid down the rule, which has not since been departed from, that the "United States are more interested in the fate of the islands and their government than any other nation can be," owing to the fact that the trade between this country and Hawaii was greater than that carried on between Hawaii and any other country. What was true in 1842 is true fifty years later.

President Tyler, in his message of that year, declared that the United States sought no undue advantage or exclusive privileges in the islands, and that this "forbearance" justified "this government, should events arise to require it, in making a decided remonstrance against the adoption of an opposite policy by any other power."

In 1843 Great Britain and France guaranteed the independence of Hawaii. It is clear that Great Britain has never assented to the rules laid down by our own State Department, and has always been prepared to contest every claim of jurisdiction over the islands. At the same time the American influence continued to be predominant, and the United States continued to absorb between five-sixths and nine-tenths of the trade of the islands.

The islands are nearer this country than they are to any European country. Mr. Webster said, in 1851, "ten times nearer." They are directly in the route of vessels passing from San Francisco to Asia. They are as valuable for a coaling station to the naval ships of the power that has a foothold in China and governs India as to our own navy. If they were in the possession of Great Britain, this country would be almost literally surrounded by the military posts of that empire. At present no dangerous hostile power faces the Pacific coast of the United States. Hawaii is only two thousand miles distant from San Francisco. The principal port is fortified. As an English dependency the kingdom would be an admirable vantage-ground for a possible enemy of the United States.

These facts are worthy of consideration. Moreover, the commerce of the islands is valuable. The first treaty between Hawaii and the United States was made in 1849. It contained a reciprocity clause. In 1875 the reciprocity treaty was negotiated upon which, it is asserted both at Honolulu and San Francisco, the prosperity of the islands is based. At all events, there is no doubt that trade was thereby stimulated, and that the sugar-growers of the islands made enormous fortunes by reason of the fact that although their product was admitted free of duty, they sold it at the prices brought by the taxed article from the West Indies. The business of refining their product was a practical monopoly in the hands of Mr. Claus Spreckels, who drove his Eastern competitors out of the market west of the Mississippi, because he enjoyed free raw material, grown on his own and other plantations in the Sandwich Islands. Since 1877, the year when the effect of the reciprocity treaty was first felt, the exports from the islands to the United States have increased from about $2,500,000 to $15,000,000, while the imports to Hawaii from the United States have risen from $1,275,000 to $5,000,000. The growth of the commerce between this country and Europe has been marvellous in spite of the obstacles interposed by the protective tariff, but it does not compare with that which followed the establishment of partial free trade between the United States and Hawaii.

If the government is really called upon to determine whether it will accept these islands as a gift, all these considerations of war and commerce must be given due weight. Is the nation bound to extend its jurisdiction over every island of the sea to which American citizens have gone to make money, in order to protect them from coming under the rule of the British government? Is it bound, in order to do this, to depart from what has been called its stable policy? This republic already rules one territory whose people have no voice in the making of their own laws; is it prepared to go on adding to its voiceless and voteless dependencies? These are some of the questions that must be answered when the proposition of annexation comes seriously before the government, and they seem too grave, too important, to be answered off-hand, in a casual conversation, on no more information than came to us with the commissioners of the provisional government, especially when such answers are made by gentlemen who are members of the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses of Congress.

What is known to-day of the advantages and disadvantages of a closer than trade relation between this country and Hawaii has always been known, and the United States adopted a policy fifty years ago which was restated by Mr. Blaine in 1881 as follows:

"This government has on previous occasions been brought face to face with the question of a protectorate over the Hawaiian group. It has, as often as it arose, been set aside in the interest of such commercial union and such reciprocity of benefits as would give to Hawaii the highest advantages, and at the same time strengthen its independent existence as a sovereign state."

In 1887 Mr. Bayard, in a note to the British minister at Washington, cited the treaty of 1847 between France and England as an agreement to "never take possession, either directly or indirectly, or under a title of a protectorate, or in any form, of any part of the territory" of Hawaii. He assumed that this was also the attitude of the United States to the islands.

Mr. Cleveland, during his first term as President, referred to the subject in two of his annual messages. In 1886 he said: "I express my unhesitating conviction that the intimacy of our relations with Hawaii should be emphasized ....The Polynesian Island groups have been so absorbed by other and more powerful governments that the Hawaii Islands are left almost alone in the enjoyment of their autonomy, which it is important for us should be preserved." In 1888 he said: "The geographical position of the Hawaiian group in relation to our Pacific States creates a natural interdependency and mutuality of interest which our present treaties were intended to foster, and which make close communication a logical and commercial necessity."

The United States have never deviated from the purpose of preserving the autonomy of Hawaii, and at the same time remaining on the most intimate terms with the kingdom. Other powers have threatened protectorates. The importation of Chinese and Japanese coolies has been encouraged by English traders. Against these incursions the American residents and their distant government have done their utmost. Once in 1854, when the islands were threatened, Secretary of State Marcy wrote as follows:

"If any foreign connection is to be formed, the geographical position of these islands indicates that it should be with us. Our commerce with them far exceeds that of all other countries; our citizens are embarked in the most important business concerns of that country, and some of them hold important public positions. In view of the large American interests there established, and the intimate commercial relations existing at this time, it might well be regarded as the duty of this government to prevent these islands from becoming the appendage of any other foreign power."

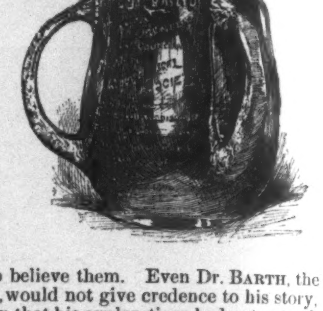
It is said that if the commissioners fail to secure the assent of the United States to annexation they will offer the islands to Great Britain. If such a contingency should arise, Mr. Marcy's doctrine might be revived. There is nothing but a sentiment standing in the way of the acceptance of the islands. Mr. Seward, who spoke of the "ancient and settled policy" of disentanglement, nevertheless bought Alaska, and bargained with Denmark for St. Thomas and St. John. If the administration sees fit to accept the islands, the annexation will not be without precedent if the transfer is made by the regularly constituted authorities of Hawaii. It is evident that as between preserving the independence of the Hawaiian government and accepting the sovereignty of the islands, the settled policy of the United States is to maintain Hawaiian independence. If Great Britain or any other foreign power seeks the sovereignty, the question will be different.

As to the general subject of the acquisition of foreign territory—and this may be significant—Mr. Cleveland, speaking of the interocean canal, said: "Maintaining, as I do, the tenets of a line of precedents from Washington's day, which proscribe entangling alliances with foreign states, I do not favor a policy of acquisition of new and distant territory or the incorporation of remote interests with our own."

Henry Loomis Nelson.

## PERSONAL.

At the meeting of the Council of the American Geographical Society on the 30th of January a handsome and much-deserved compliment was paid to the veteran African explorer Paul B. Du Chaillu in the presentation of a silver cup commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his return from the Dark Continent. Du Chaillu was the discoverer of the gorilla, and of the pygmy races of Central Africa mentioned by the historian Herodotus, and he was the first white man to penetrate the great equatorial forest which has been more recently traversed by Stanley. In his *Ashango Land* he gives a very full and interesting description of this great forest, of the thirty tribes which inhabit it, of the great river systems, and of the animals, insects, and plants which are found there. Many of his statements concerning his discoveries seemed so incredible that the scientific men of Europe refused at first to believe them. Even Dr. Barth, the great African traveller, would not give credence to his story, and marked upon a map that his explorations had not extended beyond a few miles from the coast, and Dr. Petermann adopted the same view. Subsequent explorations, however, confirmed the truth of all that Du Chaillu had said, and much more, and Dr. Petermann reconstructed his map in accordance with the statements in his narrative. Mr. Du Chaillu is an American. He was born in New Orleans, and his explorations of Africa were begun at the early age of nineteen, when, with an expedition equipped and conducted by himself alone, he left the settlements on the Gaboon River and rambled into and through the country of the cannibal Fans. The story of his adventures is contained in two volumes, *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa* and *A Journey to Ashango Land*. The following is the inscription on the cup presented to him in recognition of his services as a discoverer: "Presented to Paul B. Du Chaillu by Officers and Members of the Council of the Am. Geog. Soc. on the 25th Anniversary of his return from Africa, after discovering the Gorillas, the Pygmies, and the great Equatorial Forest of that Continent. New York, 1892."



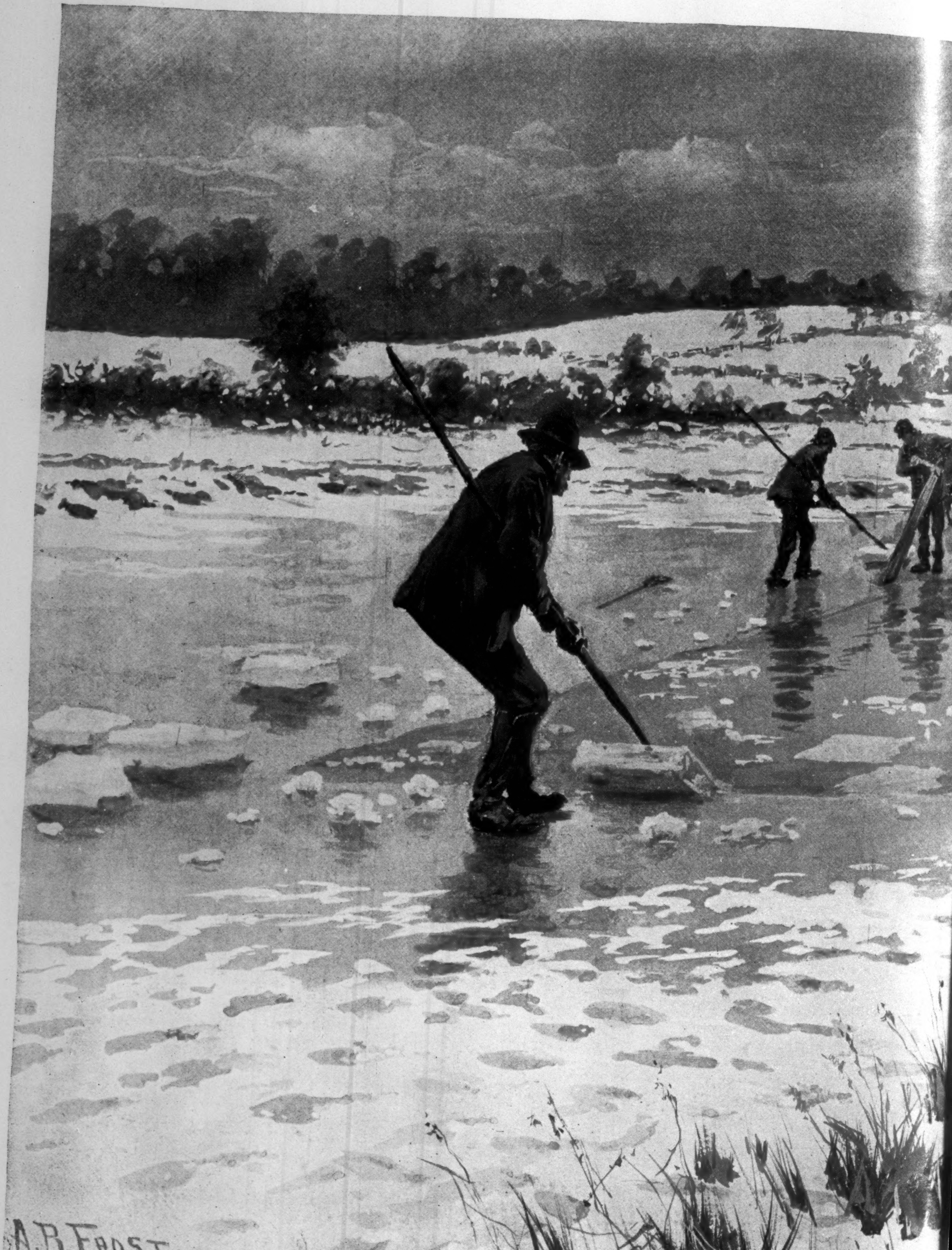
—The late Fanny Kemble is remembered by old residents of Germantown and Philadelphia as a superb horsewoman. She had a fiery temper, which matched that of her husband, Pierce Butler, and speedily brought about what is still one of the most noted of divorce trials reported in the law books. In her youth she was remarkably beautiful, and in the rôle of Juliet she was the personification of dazzling loveliness. She was noted for the keenness of her wit even in the days of her old age. Once, when an impertinent street lounger stepped up to her while she was looking in the window of a bric-à-brac store and said, "Are you fond of antiquities?" Mrs. Kemble quickly unpinned her veil, and turning on the man her aged face (she was then seventy-three) asked, "Are you?" One of Mrs. Kemble's daughters is Mrs. Wistar, of Germantown, well known in literature.

—As Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac the late General Rufus Ingalls was "buried in the staff," as General Grant expressed it, but so high was Grant's opinion of his capacity as a soldier that he declared General Ingalls "would have become a great and famous general had he been placed at the head of a corps." As it was, he made an ideal quartermaster; clothing, feeding, and transporting thousands of soldiers, meeting successfully every trying exigency that arose, and spending millions of dollars without leakage. General Ingalls was seventy-two years old at the time of his death. He was a native of Maine, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1843, and served with distinction on the frontier before the outbreak of the rebellion. He succeeded General Rucker as Quartermaster-General of the army. In physical appearance he was short and thick-set, active, energetic, fond of good company, and equally fond of good living.

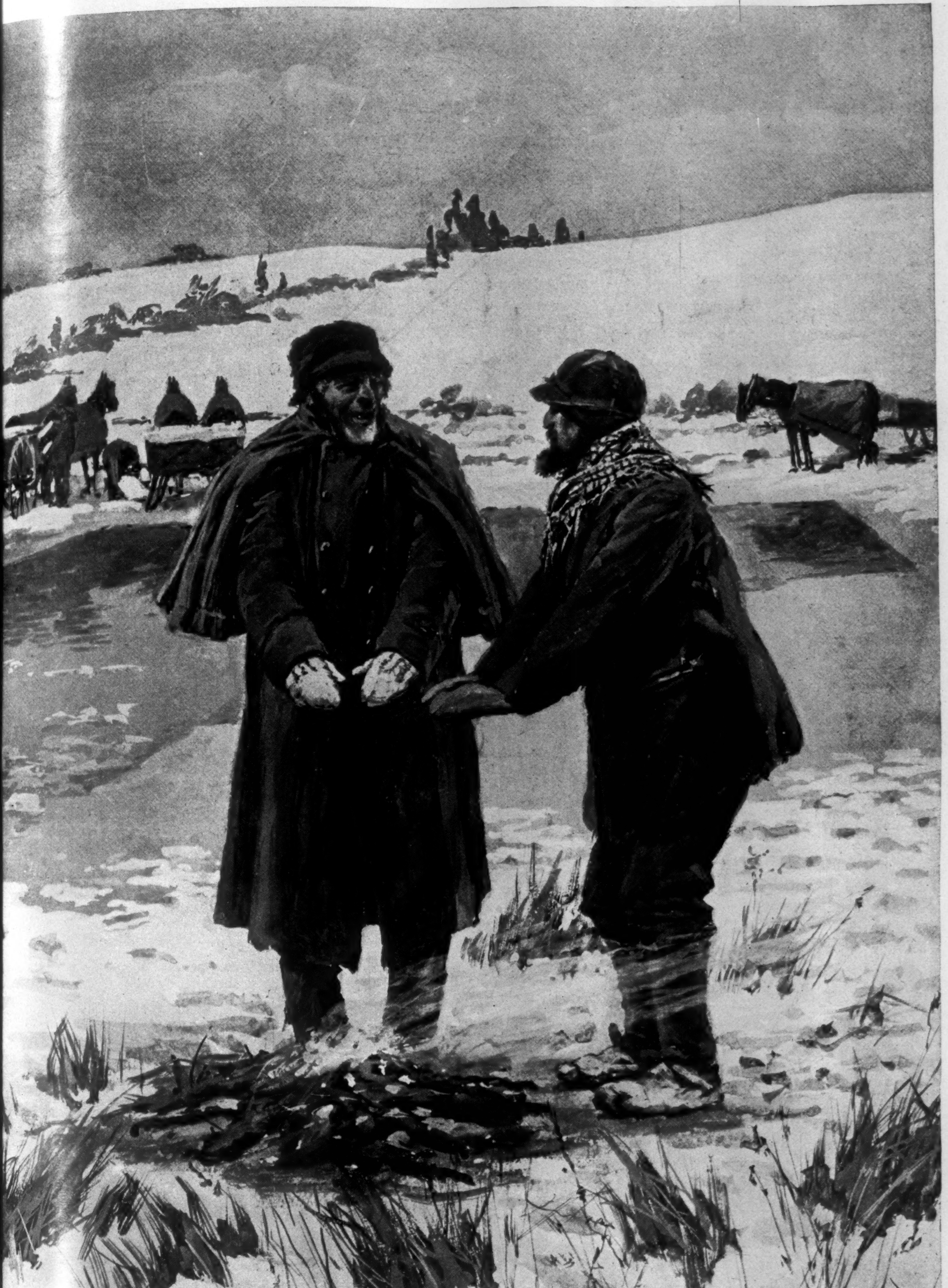
—One of General Butler's favorite stories described a ludicrous scene at the White House, when President Lincoln, in an excess of joy over the receipt of favorable war news from Hatteras, waltzed about in his night shirt with Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox was as short of stature as the President was tall, and the effect as Mr. Lincoln danced about the room with him was laughable beyond description. One of the most interesting relics of Butler's war career is the flag he raised over the New Orleans Custom-house after the first flag had been pulled down and torn to shreds by the populace. It is preserved by the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.

—Patti is said to spend $50,000 a year in maintaining the miniature opera-house in her Welsh castle. It is a complete theatre on a small scale, with a regular orchestra, scenery from a large repertoire of operas, and an extensive supply of stage properties. Nearly all the servants in the diva's household are singers with cultivated voices, and guests at the castle are surprised when the curtain rises on the stage to behold Nicolini's valet in the rôle of villain, footmen doing supernumerary duty as courtiers, chambermaids guised as princesses, and other unexpected transformations.

—The Rev. Frederick Z. Rooker, whom the Pope has appointed secretary to Monsignor Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate for the United States, was born in Albany, and was graduated from the High-School in that city about thirteen years ago. He subsequently studied at Union College, and after he was ordained a priest he became a member of the faculty of the American College in Rome. He is hardly thirty, a graceful orator and a fluent writer, and a man of handsome personal appearance. His knowledge of religious and of educational affairs in America will make him a very valuable assistant to the Italian prelate.


A.B.FROST.'93
KURTZ

THE ICE HARVEST.



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

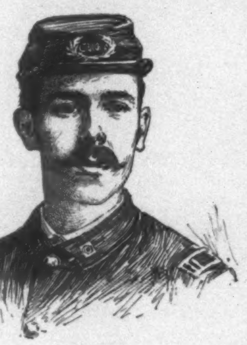
# CYCLIST INFANTRY.

## THE NEW BRANCH OF THE MILITARY SERVICE.

Within the last few years a new factor in military operations has appeared, namely, the cycle; and by the term cycle is meant all forms of velocipedes, whether bicycle or tricycle.

While it is not a very new idea to use some form of velocipede in the military service, it was not until the advent of the safety bicycle that the idea was put to any practical use. The use of such vehicles in military manœuvres has been thoroughly tested both in Europe and the United States, and a corps of armed men mounted on bicycles is now considered by all competent military authorities as a useful adjunct to any military force.

The military cycle was first practically tested about two years ago, at Aldershot, England, where a system of training soldiers to use cycles was inaugurated, with such good results that military officers from other countries have visited that place for the purpose of examining and reporting on the system and its results.



CAPTAIN HOWARD ALDEN GIDDINGS.

France, Germany, and Italy have also experimented more or less extensively with the military cycle, and have found a place for it among their military forces.

The status of the bicycle as used in connection with military operations has, therefore, been pretty well determined abroad, and its capabilities and limitations fixed.

The question of the tactical value, the proper function, and the relative efficiency of the cyclist, as compared with other branches of the service, has, however, been the subject of much discussion.

An impression has prevailed among army men to a certain extent that cyclists take the place of cavalry, and they have therefore promptly condemned them as failing to fill the bill. This is an erroneous impression. Cyclists are not cavalry, and do not take the place of cavalry. They either do a different work altogether, or they do the same work in an entirely different way. The classing of cyclists as "light cavalry" is absurd. The function and power of cavalry is the charge. Cyclists cannot charge. They belong to the class of quick-moving troops, however, and are, properly, "mounted infantry." Now mounted infantry is not cavalry, and the two should not be confused.

A mounted infantryman is a foot soldier mounted on some conveyance that is capable of traversing the country faster than a soldier can walk, the object being mobility in the field. The mounted part of the business is only a means to an end. It matters not how an infantryman is mounted, whether on a horse, a mule, a cart, or a cycle, so long as he gets transported quickly from one point to another.

The cycle, as a means of locomotion in war, possesses advantages peculiar to itself. The long journeys cyclists can make accustom them to studying the features of the country through which they pass, thus habitually training them as scouts. The cycle eats nothing. It carries conveniently a rifle and small kit, as well as an ammunition-bag. It may suffer from wear and tear, but it is never sick. It possesses great speed, and costs less than a horse. Its principal requirement is a fairly good road. If the cyclist attempted to ride over some of the sloughs known as "roads" in war-time, he could say, with the Irishman who fell through the bottom of the sedan-chair, "Sure, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I might as well have been walking!"

On the march of an army, however, the infantryman would have no use for his cycle. It would then be packed in a baggage-wagon, along with hundreds of others, and be left until an opportunity for scouting or a turning movement presented itself.

The speed and endurance of cyclists are powerful recommendations. Their capability of making wide turning movements, and suddenly and unexpectedly appearing as infantry in unknown strength on the enemy's flank, and their power of seizing distant defensible positions with great rapidity, and with a force unknown to the enemy, must not be underestimated.

Silence of movement is also a great advantage. At night, provided there is light enough to see the edges of the roads, cyclists can attack outposts without betraying their presence till they are up to the line of sentries; whereas cavalry, or infantry mounted on horses, would not only betray their presence, but give an indication of their numbers by the noise of the hoofs. The moral effect of this power of stealthy approach, noiselessly and in unknown force, from distances beyond the march of infantry, must produce a feeling of nervousness and dread, and necessitate strengthening the outposts. It would be trying work for an enemy to suddenly find bodies of infantry of unknown reserve power appearing vaguely out of space and behaving with cruel concreteness in the matter of bullets.

It has been claimed that a cyclist cannot ride cross country; but it is being proved that a bicycle can be ridden, especially with pneumatic tires, where it was before considered impossible. As to the riding of a bicycle across country, the most bitter opponent of the wheel must admit that he could get it over a barbed-wire fence easier than he could a horse. The recent "relay race" from Chicago to New York, by which General Miles at Chicago sent a message to General Howard at New York by relays of bicycle-riders, demonstrates the fact that bicycles can be ridden in places once considered impossible. Much of the country was at that time submerged, and many miles were ridden through water and mud inches deep. Several hundred miles of the distance were ridden on the Lake Shore Railroad track, the surrounding country being under water. One rider rode six miles in twenty-one minutes, and dismounted to cross seven culverts and a railroad bridge.

Finally, a great advantage of cyclists is their superior ability as marksmen. In these days of long-range rifles it is all-important that a soldier be able to shoot well at any time. A cycle cannot pull a man's hands about, or bump him in such a manner as to disturb his internal arrangements; therefore a man throwing himself off a cycle must be in better condition for immediate shooting than a man throwing himself off a horse.

In the National Guard of the United States, cyclists have been used in Connecticut, New York, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, and other States.

Connecticut was the first State to equip a part of her regular militia with military bicycles; and for this test the First Signal Corps of the Connecticut National Guard was selected, it being believed that the duties of the Signal Corps offered a wider field for the use of the cycle than any other branch of the service. They have now used the cycles two years in all kinds of duty, scouting, skirmishing, messenger service, and as a means of transportation, the wheels proving their value in every test. The cycle now used is known as the Columbia safety, and is specially equipped for the service. It is fitted with strong cushion tires which do not sink into earth or sand. Two clamps hold the regulation Springfield rifle, the forward clamp fastened to the front end of the double backbone near the steering head being furnished with a spring, and working automatically. This grasps the rifle about eighteen inches from the muzzle. The rear clamp grasps the rifle around the small of the stock, and is fastened to the backbone directly under the seat. This clamp locks with a simple cam-lever attachment. The rifle is held perfectly firm, and is close to the backbone, out of the way. On the other side of the backbone are clamps for a signal outfit. An ammunition-bag holding 300 rounds may be hung under the backbone, entirely out of the way of the rider.

The severest test given to cycles in Connecticut was in August, 1892, when the corps rode from Hartford, the State capital, to the camp of instruction at Niantic, near New London, a distance of sixty miles. The distance was made in twelve hours, not counting short stops, which was excellent time when it is considered that the corps was equipped in heavy marching order, with overcoats, blankets, rations, and ammunition, and was riding over the hills and sand of Connecticut. They carried a cyclometer, a compass, an aneroid barometer for determining elevations, and a gravity clinometer for determining grades; and thirty readings from each instrument were taken, a complete reconnoissance of the country through which they passed being made. Every man was in excellent physical condition at the end of the march, and the most serious accident was a bent pedal.

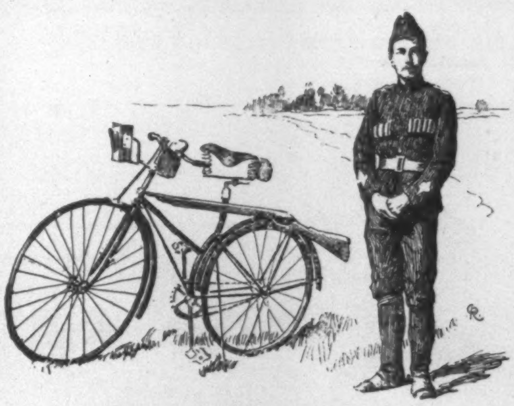
In its use in the Signal Service the cycle has enabled the wheelmen to beat repeatedly, by relays, visual signals as a means of communication. Messages have been carried by this corps from the outposts of a camp to the main body of troops, a distance of two and a half miles, in eleven minutes, and a mile and a quarter in five minutes.

The use of the wheel in Connecticut has been highly commended by army officers, and the War Department recently ordered a dozen similar wheels for use in the regular army in the Division of the Missouri. First Lieutenant William T. May, Adjutant Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding Military Bicycle Detachment, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, by whom these wheels are used, has just issued a small book called *Cyclists' Drill Regulations, U. S. A.*

The First Signal Corps was originally equipped with Hartford cycles, and was armed with Colt repeating carbines, which were slung on the backs of the men; but it was proved by experiment that the proper place for the weapon is on the machine, and that the highest-grade wheels made are none too good for this hard service.

It is still an open question as to the relative value of cushion and pneumatic tires for the military bicycle, but in the opinion of many prominent military officers who have looked into the question, the pneumatic tire is not to be depended upon for this service, as a puncture would place the soldier *hors de combat*, while a hole in a cushion tire has no disastrous effects.

A favorite formation abroad for cyclists to repel cavalry or hold a road is called the "Zereba," the wheels being turned upside down, the men lying behind them. Although it is true that bicycles thus placed and the wheels set whirling will prevent any horse from charging them, still, in my opinion, it is bad policy to place the steed of the cyclist in a position so exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy.



ENGLISH INFANTRY CYCLIST.

There are now several fine cycle corps in the cities of New York and Washington, and squads of cyclists are either already formed or are about to be formed in many of the foremost States of the Union.

It is universally recognized that cyclists possess far greater speed and endurance than any other branch of the service, and that in any country having roads deserving the name the cycle will be found a rapid and effective means of transporting armed men, either for purposes of mobilization, for use in sudden attacks, or for patrols, scouts, and messengers.

Captain Howard Alden Giddings,
Late Commander First Signal Corps,
Connecticut National Guard.

# WENT TO THE OPENING.

What's the matter with the man, anyway?

Nothing much; he has been to see the World's Fair buildings.

How he gesticulates! He seems to be giving it to those chaps pretty straight.

So he is. You see, he went out to the opening, and he is telling them about it.

But that was months ago.

Yes; but the buildings are still there.

Look! what do those sweeping gestures of his arms mean?

He must be describing the roof of the "biggest room in the world."

And when he shades his eyes and looks as if he were viewing a distant landscape?

That's the man in the back of the hall trying to make out whether it is really Depew who is speaking.

And when he looks down over the side like that?

He's telling how he looked down from the back of the gallery and saw two regiments marching, company front, past one another in the lobby.

And now what is he pulling and hauling at?

He must be explaining how you could pull the auditorium out from under the Auditorium Hotel, and leave the hotel standing on its independent supports.

And when his hands go up with all the fingers spread?

It must mean the great fountain with effects of the colored lights.

And what's that potato race that his hands seem to be running with one another?

He is explaining about the construction of that building where they started the tower after the rest of the building was up, and had to put about a million tons of pig-iron into the foundation to settle the ground down even. You should ask him about that.

You seem to have heard his whole story.

Not his particular story, but the same narrative as given by other narrators.

It seems to be quite a story.

Yes; it makes you feel as though the Chicago man must be seventeen feet high and full of wheels.

Well, is he?

I do not know; but next summer I shall go out there and try to ascertain. E. S. M.

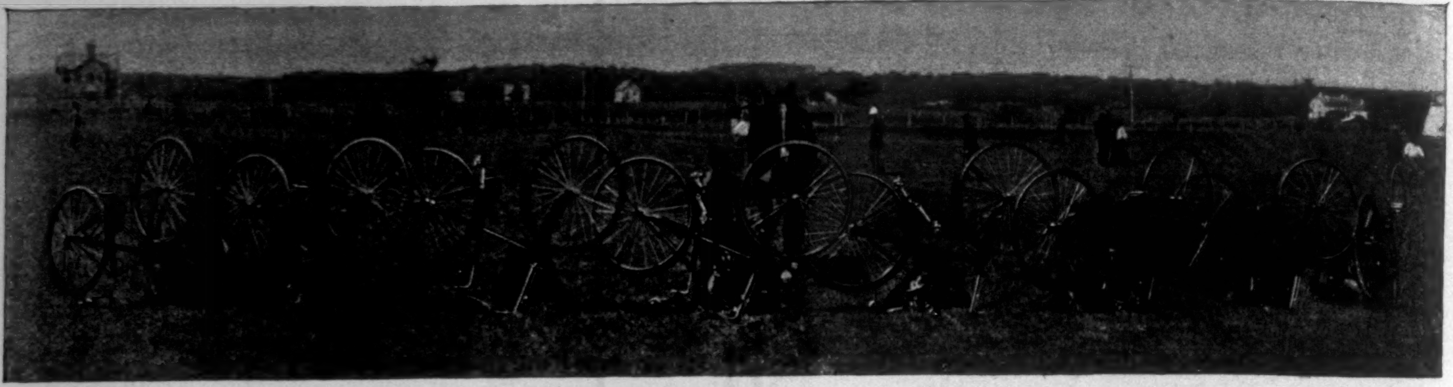
# THREE FUNERALS.

It is not often, even in this great nation, that within a week there die and are buried three men who in their several walks are so known and beloved and honored as the three whose funerals are represented in this number of the Weekly. Not one of them had fulfilled the Psalmist's expectation of life, and two of them died in the harness. Judge Lamar, who was the oldest (he was sixty-eight), had for years been physically frail, and done his administrative and his judicial work under limitations that did not appear in the work itself; but on the very day of his death there seemed to be no reason to expect it for a long time. Mr. Blaine, who was buried on the day before he would have attained his "grand climacteric," had for months been an invalid, and for years been compelled to take care of his health. It was the condition of his health that made it impossible for his friends to rally a more formidable force to his support in the last national convention of his party. Since his defeat there and his retirement from the cabinet, which was almost synchronous with his defeat, it had been evident that no further activity could be expected of him, and that his completed career already belonged to history. As for Bishop Phillips Brooks, who was born in 1835, the impression that he made upon all who met him, up to the beginning of his brief and mortal illness, was of such exuberant vitality and power that he seemed to be stricken down in his very prime.

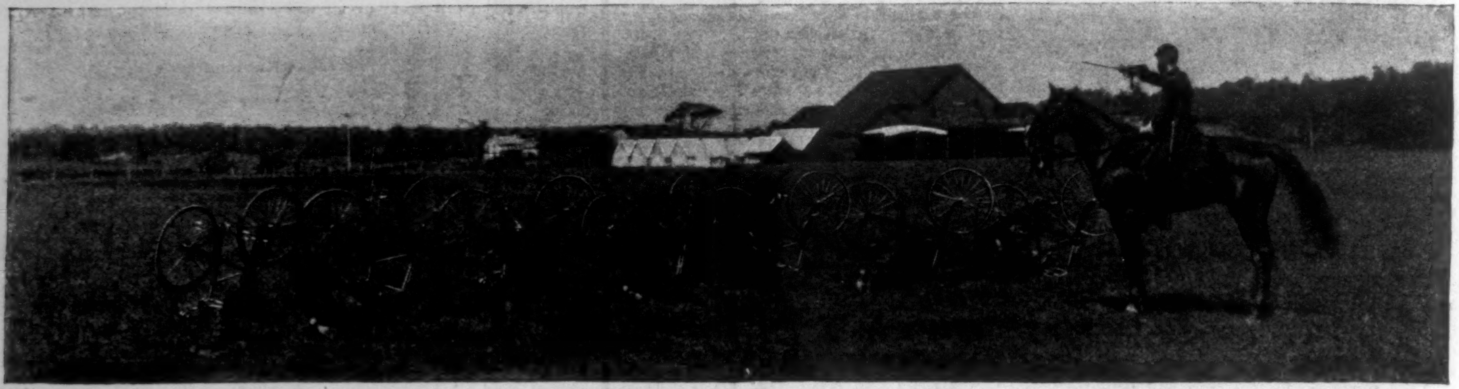
It is worth noting that the funeral of the Bishop was the occasion of a greater and more impressive public demonstration than the funeral of the ex-Speaker, ex-Senator, and ex-Secretary of State, or of the ex-Senator, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and Judge of the Supreme Court. This was partly because the funeral of Mr. Blaine was purposely made as simple and as quiet as could well be. But it was also because the people of Boston, among whom Phillips Brooks had lived and labored for many years as a parish clergyman, and but a few months as a bishop, sought and claimed an opportunity to do peculiar honor to his memory. For nearly four hours on Thursday, January 26th, his body lay in state in the vestibule of that Trinity Church that he had builded, and that is a monument to his faithfulness and his influence, as well as to the genius of its architect. During these hours there was a procession past the coffin of the people of Boston of all sorts and conditions, the number of which was estimated at 15,000. The funeral procession itself in the church comprised a great part of the clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts, headed by five bishops, of whom the Bishop of New York, an old and warm friend of Bishop Brooks, was selected to read the burial service. There was no formal eulogy, and none was needed.

Judge Lamar, who died a few hours after Bishop Brooks, was buried on Friday, the 27th, with all the honors that the city of Macon, Georgia, could supply. Although most of Judge Lamar's mature life had been passed in Mississippi, as professor and member of Congress before the civil war, as a soldier during the war, as professor, lawyer, Representative, and Senator after the war, yet he was born and educated in Georgia, and had served in the Legislature of the State. There was on the morning of the 27th a public memorial meeting in the opera-house of Macon, and it was addressed by leading members of the bar and by the president of Emory College, at which Judge Lamar had been educated. The funeral services proper were held in the Methodist Church. They were attended officially by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and such of the associate justices as were able to make the journey from Washington. The right hand of the dead judge held a copy of the Constitution of the United States.

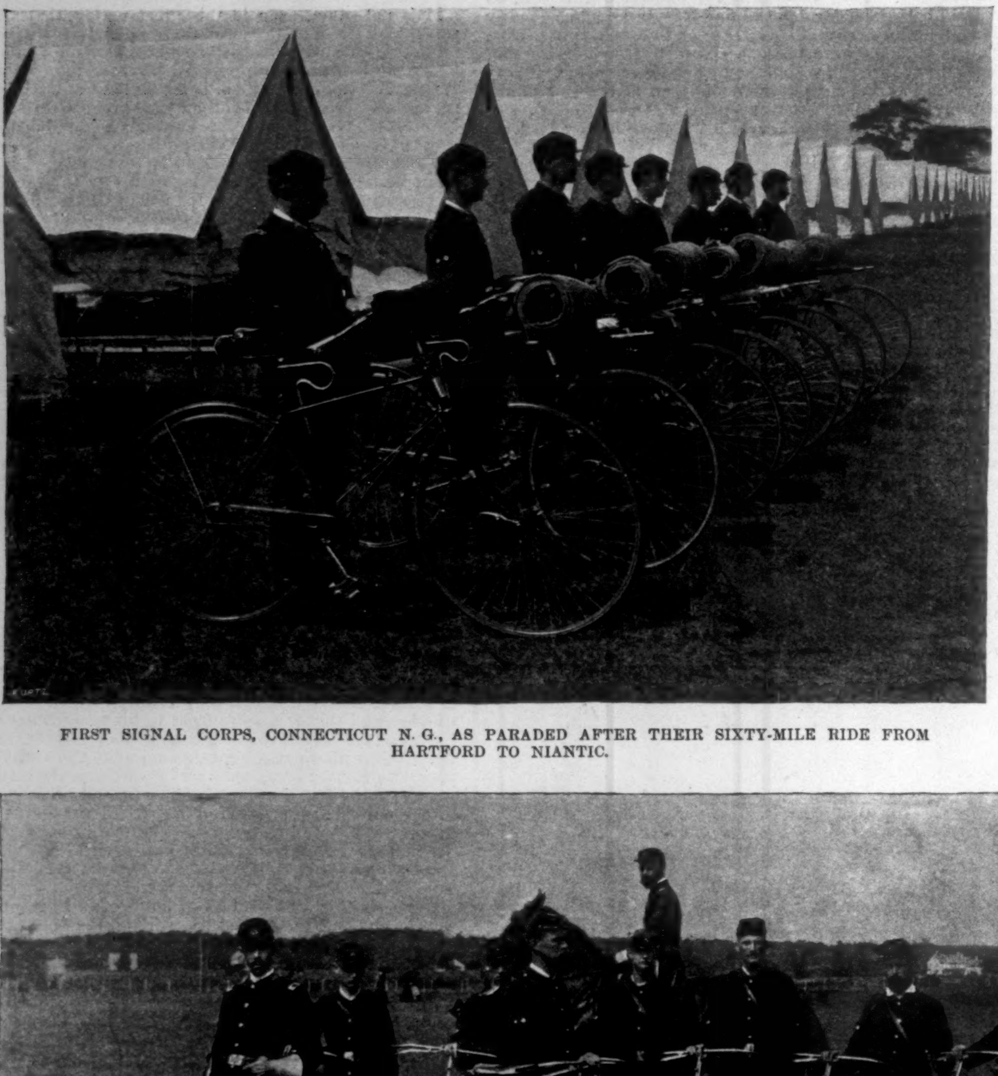
On the morning of Monday, January 30th, a very simple service of prayer was held in the house that Mr. Blaine had last occupied in Washington, and this was followed by a service scarcely more elaborate at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, consisting of reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the pastor, and of an improvisation upon the organ by Walter Damrosch, Mr. Blaine's son-in-law, upon hymn tunes which had been special favorites of the dead man. The occasion was signalized, however, by the presence of the President, the Vice-President, the cabinet, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, and nearly all the members of the diplomatic body. A memorial service was held on the same day at Augusta, Maine.



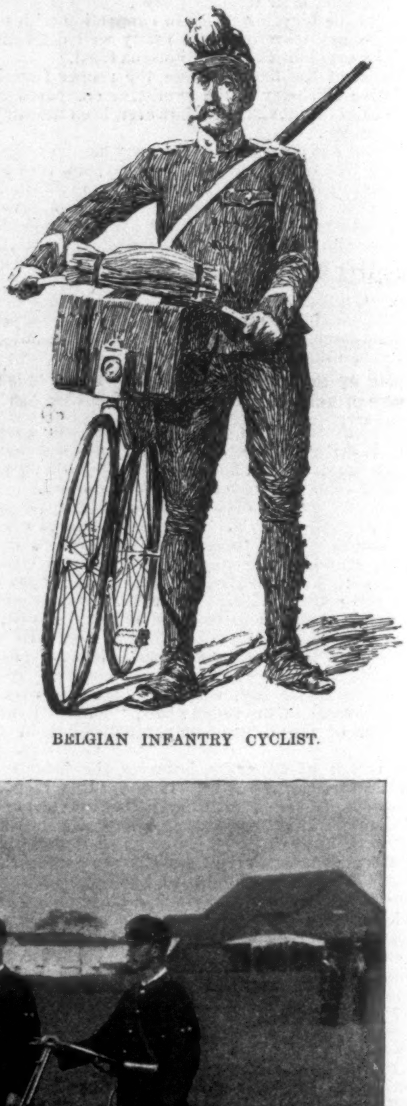
FRONT VIEW OF ZEREBA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



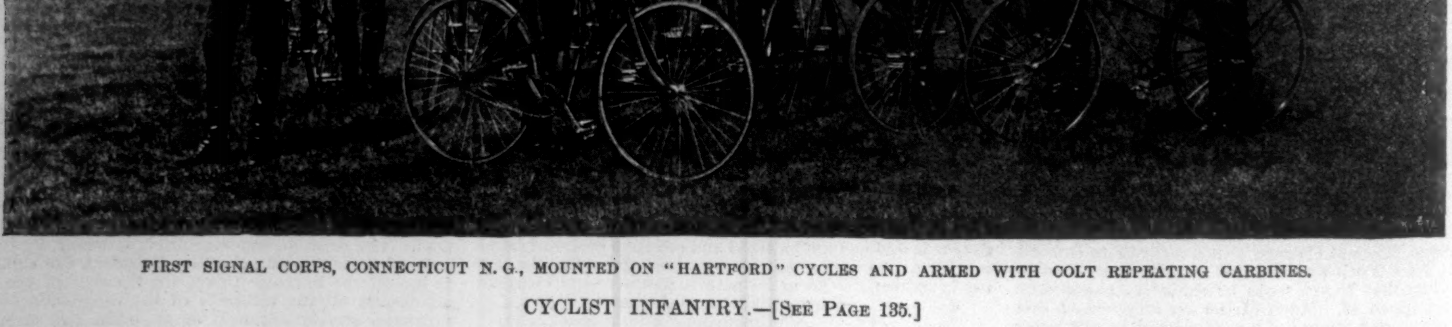
REAR VIEW OF ZEREBA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G., AS PARADED AFTER THEIR SIXTY-MILE RIDE FROM HARTFORD TO NIANTIC.

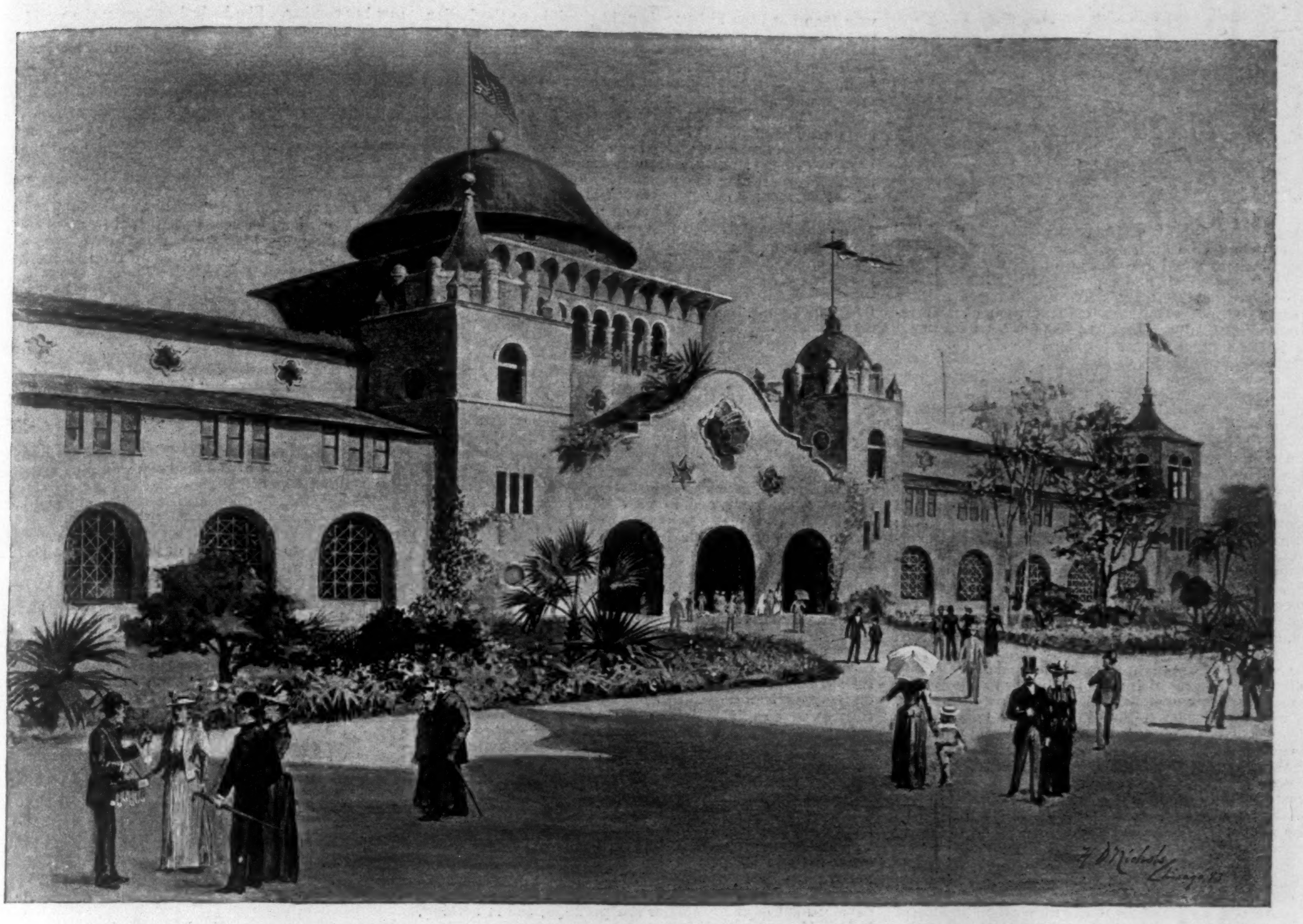


BELGIAN INFANTRY CYCLIST.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G., MOUNTED ON "HARTFORD" CYCLES AND ARMED WITH COLT REPEATING CARBINES.

CYCLIST INFANTRY.—[See Page 135.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

## AMERICAN PHYSICIANS IN BERLIN.

The ambitious American medical student who, after having attained the degree of M.D., is desirous of adding to his experience and training by attending a European university goes to Berlin for the sake of studying. Should he by chance take up his temporary abode at Vienna, it is solely for the sake of gaining the reputation of having had European experience.

This, at least, is the opinion prevailing among American M.D.'s whom I met in several cities of the Continent during the last few years. The distinction is obvious from the fact that Berlin at the time offers superior opportunities for medical study, that the living expenses are less than in Vienna, and that the social life of the German capital is less calculated to distract a young man from his professional duties than the gayety of the more cosmopolitan Wien.

Nearly one hundred American doctors are now matriculated at the Berlin University, and ninety of these gentlemen are members of the Association of American Physicians, of which W. D. Miller, A.B., Ph.D., M.D., D.D.S., professor of the dental branch of the university, is the president.

They are a studious and interesting body of young and middle-aged men, well received socially, and favored to an unusual degree by the leading men of the "High-School."

Professor Virchow, who has lately been made rector, told me once that he would rather endeavor to perfect fifty American physician students from the backwoods in the most difficult branches of science than undertake the same with ten German students. "They absorb their studies in one-fourth of the time it takes the German students to get through with their semesters," said he, "and if I give any of them only a hint of what is wanted, he will apply himself to the task with an enthusiasm and thoroughness that makes sure of success."

The university recognizes all American degrees of M.D. to the extent of admitting their possessors to the lectures without examining into their educational fitness. If the student physicians, after a course or two, desire to take a degree, they have to pass through the mill, as it is called in university slang, and submit to all the details of various examinations. The fact that the candidate may have taken the same degree in America is not taken notice of. The examinations are held in the German language, but most of the professors either understand or speak English, and are very considerate with those unable to answer in the German tongue. As a general thing they try their best to help them along, and make the task as easy as is in any way consistent with the rules.

All the professors and proprietors of clinics are anxious to secure American students, whom they befriend in many ways.

I asked a young American doctor, who has been studying in Berlin for the last twelvemonth, about the cost of his undertaking. The gentleman in question is a poor man of excellent New England stock. He figures largely in the social life of the Physicians' Association, and generally keeps up the appearance of a well-to-do professional man. He told me he expected to spend $700 before he landed back in his own town in Massachusetts.

"I bought a round-trip ticket on the Rotterdam Steamship Line," he said, "as most of my colleagues do who are forced to economize. I have paid my way in every respect at this university, and have not accepted one single free lecture. My habits are naturally inexpensive, but I have never been obliged to stint myself. Still, with railroad and steamer fares, board and lodging, lecture and High-School fees, books and clothes, I will not exceed my limit of the figure named. Seven hundred dollars are amply sufficient for any American student physician for one year's stay in Berlin. The matriculation fee is five dollars, and the attendance on each lecture course costs from five to ten dollars. The professors generally charge ten dollars for admittance to their clinics. The physician student capable of doing original work at the clinics and laboratories are charged for one semester only. Some lectures at the laboratories are given free by the richer professors, but the students are obliged to pay for their own chemicals in all cases. All fees are payable in advance. Most of the American physician students make a stay of one to two years, but a good many come over for some special study only, completing their course in from two to three months."

"How do the Americans stand with the German students?" I inquired.

"Very well indeed," answered my informant. "The Germans have found out by long experience that the Americans must not be trifled with, and have so far receded from their usual bullying attitude towards Freshmen of our species that they admit them gladly to their *Verbindungen*, with the proviso they shall not be asked to engage in duels. Many of our countrymen are members of the Corps, and whenever a duel or a serious *Paukerei* is on the tapis, one may be sure to find half a dozen American students present. They dearly love to see the sport, but I have so far failed to hear of any American at this university who has ever engaged in this cruel pastime. The Germans, as everybody knows, are fairly crazy for duelling, and very proud of the scars that disfigure their faces. They regard them as a sort of decoration, by which they recognize each other as *ci-devant* gay dogs in after-life."

The American student in Berlin has only one method of perfecting himself in his science, namely, to study with the greatest master of each special branch, and to do nothing but study, utilizing at the same time the ordinary channels of information, and at the lowest possible cost.

As stated at the outset of this paper, the American student physician attending the Vienna University is regarded by his Berlin colleagues as a person who does not take his studies very seriously. The Berliners think the Vienna Institute lacking somewhat in authorities with regard to certain branches of the medical science; they also find fault with the mode of study in vogue there. It consists in an arrangement after the following fashion:

Several, often eight or ten, American students club together and engage a professor to give them private instruction in their own language. Of course they have to pay pretty stiffly for this privilege, which gains them an undoubted advantage over their fellow-students. By reason of this arrangement, in which only well-to-do physician students may participate, some are enabled to take their degrees in a very short time after they have settled down to actual work, while their colleagues not so happily situated often acquire the reputation of being slow or of unstudious habits.

The Association of American Physicians in Berlin was founded in the beginning of the year 1891 on the instigation of Dr. Dalaud, of Philadelphia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Fred R. Weber, who graduated at the University of Munich, though a native of Milwaukee, whither he returned last winter. The organization serves two purposes, that of social intercourse and of the intellectual advancement of its members. It arranges all the festivities and social gatherings of the American non-official colony of Berlin, and its members meet weekly at the rooms of the Dental Institute for the purpose of delivering and listening to lectures on medical topics.

Dr. Willoughby D. Miller, the president, is an Ohio man, but his long residence in Berlin has made him a thorough German as far as language and habits go. He is a clever and large-hearted man, full of ambition and force, and an able exponent of American medical science. He was the first American to receive the title of "Royal Professor" in the University of Berlin, and has had charge of the dental branch of that institution since 1884. When this honor was conferred on him, Dr. Miller was also promised an extraordinary professorship in the Medical Faculty of the University, but when he was given to understand that he must become a naturalized German he respectfully declined, a resolution which earned him the bitter hatred of the German press, which urged the Minister of Education to dispense with his services. The minister, backed by the opinion of Prince Bismarck and scientific men, treated, however, the complaints of the newspapers with contempt, and also refused the numerous petitions of German dentists for Dr. Miller's removal. Meanwhile the doctor had entered upon the herculean task of remodelling the Dental Institute, which meant a reconstruction and thorough re-establishment of all its departments.

Up to that time German dental students in Berlin, as well as in the other universities of the Fatherland and Austria, received no practical tuition whatever. The examinations were made at the side of the dissecting-table, and the students practised on dead bodies—worked on "stiffs," as the phrase goes. Dr. Miller's practical views were determinedly fought by the old fogies, who regarded dentistry as a very mean profession indeed, and the students themselves were not at all anxious to submit to the American professor's American ways.

"I couldn't blame these poor unpractical young students for their opposition," said Dr. Miller to me once, when talking on the subject. "They had had such an easy time of it, and the majority of them had entered the institution on the tacit understanding that they should not be troubled with any hard practical work. They expected to go through the whole course of instruction and pass their examinations without ever having filled a tooth of a pain-stricken and agonized patient. And now, when I came in like a Western whirlwind, all this was to be reversed! I demanded real workers, workers in their shirt sleeves, dexterous hands and quick brains. Alas! it was a surprise to these poor fellows, and a revelation at the same time."

The dental branch of the Berlin University has in the last ten years gained the reputation of being the most thorough and best-equipped institution of the kind on the Continent. Numerous American dental authorities who have visited it and investigated Dr. Miller's methods have pronounced his High-School a model of scientific and practical achievement. The German professor who held the post before Dr. Miller was in the habit of sitting down with his students on their benches, and instead of holding lectures, imparting the information he was desirous of delivering by way of a friendly chat. The number of scholars is now nearing the two-hundred mark, and the dental branch has become one of the most important of the university. And all this by virtue of infusing a little American blood into the stagnant veins of phlegmatic Teutons.

## Music and Drama

Erckmann-Chatrian's well-known pastoral idyl, *L'Ami Fritz*, has been served up to the New York public during the past week in two forms—as an opera, with music by Mascagni, at Music Hall, and as a vaudeville, with music by Julien Edwards, at Hermann's Theatre, being decidedly more attune with the author's evident thought and intent in the latter form. Mascagni has not been fortunate in the successor that he has provided for his *Cavalleria Rusticana*. *L'Amico Fritz*, as an opera, is certainly not a popular success, and even its artistic success may well be called in question. Music written for the stage, to be successful, must be pictorial; that is, it should be illustrative of action and dramatic situation from one stand-point or another. In *L'Ami Fritz* there is little or no story and no dramatic action or situation; there is consequently nothing valuable for musical illustration, and hence the music provided for it is, to a great extent, meaningless, and for the same reason dull. Why Mascagni should have chosen such a subject to make an opera of it is difficult to understand; his muse is dramatic rather than pastoral, and in endeavoring to endue the story musically with a dramatic significance that it does not possess, he has simply wasted his time and energy, and created a work which is not artistic, because it fails to convey anything tangible or interesting to the mind of the hearer. The music is undoubtedly melodious and well written, and really produces a better effect when divorced from its scenic surroundings. In many instances one feels that the composer has sought to reach the goal of originality by the bypaths of eccentricity. A receipt for making music sound excruciatingly modern, which is very easy to follow, may be given. For compositions in the major, take diatonic harmonies as may be required, then go over them with a pen and sharpen all the fifths in the common chords; if the work be in the minor, leave the common chord unaltered; but whenever it occurs, let the major sixths of the chord be played by some instrument—never mind what—loud enough to penetrate distinctly the most untutored ear. If this method be conscientiously followed, the composer will be in pretty hard luck if he is not called distinctly Wagnerian. One is tempted to believe that Mascagni has at times followed some such method, for his intervals and melodic sequences often strike one as forced and unnatural. *Friend Fritz* at Hermann's succeeds in spite of the music rather than because of it; but the play is so charmingly put upon the stage, so charmingly acted by Mr. Mason and Miss Manola, and the naïve simplicity and pastoral charm of the original are retained to so great an extent, that popular favor will in all probability be accorded to it for some time to come, for does not one touch of nature make the whole world kin? Once let a mutual sympathy and understanding be established between actors and audience, and dramatic success is assured.

Like Katisha, chamber music is an acquired taste. The would-be musical amateur will sit out with equanimity Wagnerian operas, piano-forte recitals, and even symphony concerts, and stoutly maintain that he enjoys them all, but will think twice before he ventures upon a quiet evening of chamber music. Here we have music in its most unadorned and most classical form; there are no adventitious aids of any kind to its understanding or appreciation; if the attendant amateur does not really enjoy and appreciate music for itself alone, Heaven help him! for he will be bored to a certainty. There are several organizations in New York which perpetrate chamber music from time to time and which are excellent of their kind. Neither the Brodsky Quartet, the Schmidt-Herbert Quartet, nor the Beethoven Quartet has anything to fear from comparison with other similar organizations. But their doings create little stir, except among their own little followings, which is certainly to be regretted. It has remained for a quartet from Boston to provoke social enthusiasm for and enlist social sympathy in behalf of chamber music. We refer to the Adamowski Quartet, which inaugurated last season a series of quartet concerts under distinguished social patronage, which met real appreciation from the start, and the success made last year has been much intensified this year, as the subscriptions to these concerts have more than doubled. Mr. T. Adamowski, the leader of the quartet, which was organized in 1888, is a native of Warsaw, and a pupil of the conservatories of Warsaw and Paris. He is well known throughout the country as a violinist of absolute attainments, and as conductor of the promenade concerts in Boston last season proved himself also a conductor of marked ability. He is to be congratulated on the really artistic qualities which have enabled him to lead society to worship at the shrine of true musical art without pretence, fad, or frivolity. That these concerts have been appreciated as they have been is surely an evidence that there does exist real musical taste and appreciation in New York, apart from any dictate of form or fashion, which many are inclined to doubt.

M. Paderewski still continues to delight his audiences, and to reap artistic and pecuniary rewards for himself with his recitals. It is to be regretted that M. Paderewski has not been heard oftener with the orchestra this season, as the orchestral background certainly intensifies and ennobles the effect of the piano as an instrument. So far as known, he will only be heard in connection with an orchestra at the next Symphony Society concert, but the announcement that, in conjunction with the Adamowski Quartet, he will appear in a concert of chamber music in the Madison Square Garden Hall on February 15th will certainly be welcomed, as we shall thereby have an opportunity of hearing chamber music in its perfection.

Lo, the poor Indian! has been used often enough for stage purposes, but his dramatic appearances have been hitherto attended with so little success that he has come to be looked upon very much in the light of a theatrical houdoo. This, perhaps, is due to the difference which everyone knows exists between the picturesque impossibility depicted by Cooper, and the unpicturesque, uncleanly, and whiskey-drinking reality, which is usually presented on the stage. The success of *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, at the Empire, shows that something more may be made of the noble red man than has been hitherto thought possible, as the Indian there presented has evident dramatic possibilities. The play itself is somewhat lurid, somewhat melodramatic, and somewhat improbable; but although the authors might have made more of their theme had they handled it with a little more confidence, the play is still well constructed, pointed in dialogue, effective in situation, and works up to a logical and thrilling climax. It is exceedingly well played, and will undoubtedly prove an attraction at the Empire for some time to come. Dramatic authors are evidently only just beginning to realize the possibilities of certain phases of American life for dramatic treatment. This field will undoubtedly be largely worked from now on, as the more we awaken to a consciousness of ourselves and of our own importance, the more are we willing and anxious to see ourselves and our doings reflected in the mirror of the stage. The growing taste for American themes as subjects for dramatic treatment is the best evidence of our constantly increasing national feeling, which is, too, a most hopeful sign for the future of American art.

*On Probation*, which was produced at the Star Theatre last week, furnished a good example of how much a really good actor can make of comparatively slight material. *On Probation* is a success because, though improbable, it is humorous, and because, though absurd from every point of view, it gives Mr. Crane a good opportunity to make the people laugh, which he is amply able to do. Mr. Crane's personality is very strong, and his humor, though rather temperamental than intellectual, is irresistible, while his methods are certainly legitimate, and, in their way, artistic. When one can laugh heartily, one is not apt to be too particular as to the reason why, and the funny incidents, odd characters, and broadly humorous dialogue of *On Probation*, combined with Mr. Crane's admirable acting, may be certainly relied upon to amuse even the most callous. The Star Theatre too, therefore, will probably enjoy prosperity so long as Mr. Crane's persuasive humor illumines its stage.

As was anticipated, Miss Eleanora Duse, by her subsequent performances, has amply proved her right to be considered one of the greatest actresses that have ever appeared on the American stage. She has shown that she has versatility as well as finish, intense force as well as repose, and true passion as well as sentiment. Her tragic power as Clotilde, in *Fernande*, was almost startling in its directness and emphasis, and yet with it all there was no striving for effect by hysterical means, and she never once departed from her quiet and suggestive methods. Each fresh impersonation only affords an opportunity for a fresh revelation of her ability as an actress. She is artistic from every point of view, and is perhaps most interesting, most impressive, because most in accord with the realistic tendencies and feelings of the time. She is introspective and psychological, and portrays with striking fidelity the mental workings and development of the character she portrays; she is nothing, indeed, if not *fin de siècle*.

The Bureau of Music of the Columbian Exposition has issued a list of that portion of the special musical demonstrations to take place during the World's Fair for which dates have been absolutely fixed, beginning with May and ending in July. Although concerts by American artists have been arranged, and the programme, as given out, shows a notable representation of American singing associations, it does not contain the name of any work by any American composer, nor any hint of any arrangements for the production of any such works during the duration of the exposition. It is not, surely, enough that American music should be represented by its native executants; it should also be represented by native producers, and the apparent failure to provide opportunities for such representation will certainly leave both American and foreign visitors to the fair in doubt whether we as a nation possess any capacity for musical productiveness at all. Where the American architect, so to speak, has been glorified, the American artist been given ample opportunity of showing his capabilities and attainments, and the American handicraftsman and inventor encouraged to the greatest possible extent, it certainly seems hard that, so far as one can learn, nothing has been done for the American composer. During September, M. Saint-Saëns, Dr. Mackenzie, and other foreign composers of eminence will visit the exposition, conducting several programmes of their own choral and instrumental works, as well as works of other composers of their respective countries. It would certainly seem only fair that in an exposition presumably intended to encourage American art and industry in all its branches, a like opportunity should be extended to some American composer. Americans may not yet have attained any commanding eminence as musicians, but certainly something has been done in this direction, and that something is as certainly entitled to representation at the World's Fair.

Mr. Daly's picturesque and wonderfully complete revival of Lord Tennyson's pastoral idyl, *The Foresters*, has proved an attraction of greater drawing power than was anticipated. Lord Tennyson's outlaws are of a truth somewhat lacking in backbone, and appear to be rather carpet knights than robbers bold, while Sir Arthur Sullivan's music sounds a trifle thin and peaked in consequence; but the entire atmosphere of the play is so artistic, the grace and beauty of Miss Rehan's Maid Marian so captivating, and the excellence of the supporting company, the stage settings, and general *entourage* so marked, that it is small wonder that *The Foresters* continues to attract and delight large audiences.

Reginald de Koven.

## THE TALE OF SOO YEW'S DAUGHTERS.

### Wherein are related the difficulties encountered by a Chinese father who has two unusual children, and how they were finally married.

Soo Yew was a rich one. His dollars were heaped as high as the clouds before a rain, and the gods had looked upon him with favor. But in his heart there dwelt one great grief—a grief that seemed incurable. It was because of that grief that this story is told, and now the knowing ones in Qwang-Tung say he is a clever one, and even those who stand in the sun all day and smoke ma-koo-ins tell the story among themselves and laugh.

The west gate of Qwang-Tung city sheltered the house of Soo Yew. It was there he lived with his wife and two daughters, Suen and Moi. Suen, the eldest, had seen thirty-one years of life, and she was so hideous that even the idle ones on the streets turned away their heads when they saw her coming. She looked out upon the world with but one eye, her nose was as crooked as a blasted thorn-fig, and her skin was like a sieve, so full of marks was it. She was, besides, heavy, like a beast that has done nothing all its days but feed from the hand of an indulgent owner. She was so ignorant that she did not know even how to comb her own hair. That was Suen, the grief of Soo Yew. As Suen was like the tempest, Moi was like the sunshine and the flowers in spring. She had smiled upon the eighteen summers she had known, and when she laughed the red poppies bowed their heads in shame because they were not so red as her lips, and the lilies in the garden trembled because they were not half so white as her teeth. Like violets were her eyes, and when she gathered the flowers they were glad, because then they were nearer to her.

These were the two daughters of the rich Soo Yew, who lived near the west gate. He knew that the elder must marry first, and he cast prayer-sticks before his Ka-Yan god, that a blind man might make her his wife. No one would take her, no one would even look at her more than once, and his grief grew to a mountain of sorrow. So he talked with his wife:

"More difficult than heaven is her marriage. She is a cloud on a stormy night. No one will have her. Taels have I offered to the one who can bear her presence. I have burned prayer-sticks, but no answer comes to me. What shall I do with her?"

"You can do nothing. Even the gods refuse to help her. If she were a beast of the field she would be better off."

Then he spoke of Moi, and his grief grew:

"The young Moi is beautiful as the sun, and her talents are many. She refuses to marry unless the man has more talents and a better education than she. No encouragement will she give to suitors, rich or poor. She is a pearl, and she has set her own price."

The wife's grief was that they both were girls—that no son had come to bear the honor of the family, and she answered:

"She is old enough to marry, and she should marry. You must act according to circumstances. Put upon the sign-post in the shi-t'au a sign for suitors. Let them come to the house and hold an examination. Let Moi be the judge, and the one who is the best can marry her."

The next day in the public market-places the bills were posted:

> "I am Soo Yew. I live at the west gate of Quang-Tung. I have a daughter eighteen years old. She is beautiful and educated. I will give cause to any persons, who are rich or poor, who have a better talent than my daughter, to compete. I am satisfied, and will give my consent to the marriage. Besides, I will give one thousand taels. The examination will be held in seven days. I welcome all who come."

On the seventh day the competitors came, and the rooms were so full that all could not get in. In one end of the room sat Moi upon a high chair, so that every one could see her, and by her side was a bronze box full of taels. The examination began, and the ambitious youths fell before the talents of Moi like tender flowers when the frost comes. There was one left. He was a poor young man, whose clothes were old and worn, and who had no silk in his queue. He was her equal in talents. She knew not what more to ask, so she said, out of curiosity,

"Why does the water in a mountain stream make such a noise when it flows downward?"

"It is not a noise, O peerless one," he replied, as he felt of the cotton string at the end of his queue. "It is a song, and it sings because it knows of you."

She smiled, and the lover was in her favor.

"Why do the ground-mice burrow holes in the earth, instead of living in trees as the hairless squirrels?"

"Because it is good to be in the earth you walk on," said he, boldly, as he took two steps toward her. She smiled again, and took a jade-stone bracelet from her wrist and gave it to him. All he had was a paper fan, torn and worn, so he gave her that as a return gift in token of betrothal.

Then the servants and the attendants beat the cymbal, and the notes of the ti-moon were sounded. There was joy in the house under the shadow of the west gate, and the marriage day was set.

Such happiness was in the heart of Soo that the next day he took the family to the cemetery on the mountain of the white cloud to visit his father's grave. It so happened that Hong Ting Quong, the son of a mandarin of high rank and great riches, went to the cemetery that day also. He was a favored son, to whom nothing had ever been refused. His birth had been fortunate, and nature never forgave it, for he was as ugly as the god of thunder in the temple. He saw but half of what other men saw, as he had but one eye. One leg was continually battling with the other; the result was lameness, and his teeth extended like the tiles on a cottage roof.

When he saw Moi, the younger daughter, his heart was hers, so with the boldness of a lover he walked up to Soo Yew and asked,

"Who are these women?"

"One is my wife; the other two are my daughters."

"I am very glad," he answered, "because then I can ask you to let me have one of your daughters to be my wife."

"Yes, you can have the older one," returned Soo Yew, looking first at one and then at the other. "The younger one has had the day set for her marriage."

"I will have her. I do not want a beast for a wife."

Like men who have lost their senses from drinking the two talked, until at last the people came between them. Then Soo Yew and his family went home.

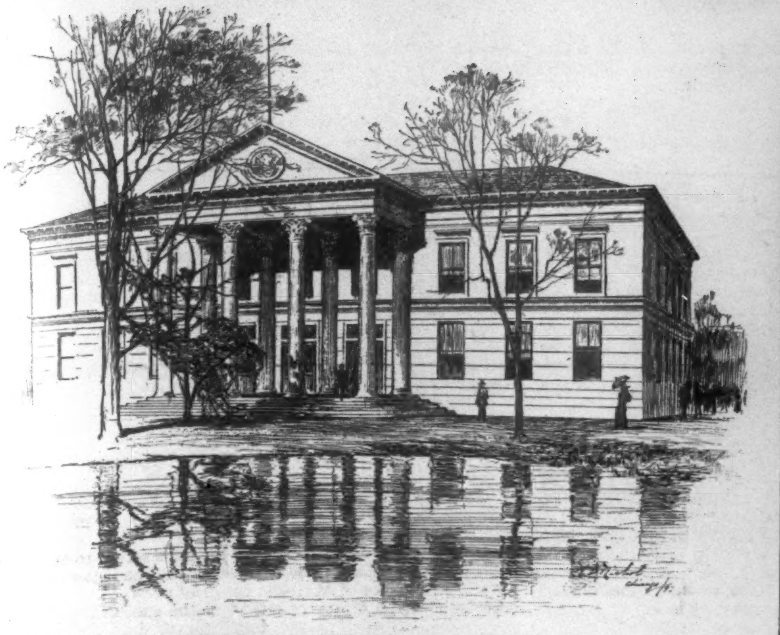
The chaai-yan next day brought a letter to Soo Yew. It was full of threats, and was sent by Hong Ting Quong. "Your daughter Moi must be mine," it said, "and if you do not compel her to marry me I will bring a strong body of men to your house to force you, and I will take her from your roof. I am rich, and have power. I wait your answer."

Because Soo Yew sent no answer, there came to his house the next night fifteen fighting-men, who brought with them a sedan-chair. Hong Ting Quong was with them. He marched boldly in, but saw no one. By the window in one of the back rooms he saw a woman. A silk handkerchief was wrapped about her face, so no one could see her features. He knelt before her.

"I love you, O my life," he said. "Come with me, and I will make you happier than any in the empire."

She shrank back, but he stood up and took her by the arm. His men carried her to the sedan-chair, and then like the wind they rushed away. There was no stop until he reached his own home. With hands that shivered like leaves in the autumn wind he brought her forth from the chair.

"Beautiful one, you must not hide your face from your husband," he said, with a soft voice, as if a mother were talking to her child. He reached out and took the handker-



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE NEBRASKA BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

chief from her, and he looked in the one eye of the ugly Suen.

"A curse has crept upon me," he shrieked. "A curse has come," and he ran toward her, his one eye glowing like a live coal in the fire, and he pushed her out in the garden. Like a madman he raged all the night, while the luckless one, Suen, sat out in the garden, trembling.

It was all the fault of that merchant Soo Yew. If he had given Moi in marriage, this trouble would never have come. The birth of Hong Ting Quong had brought him influence with the high mandarins, and the next day Soo Yew's family was taken up. The trial was before the justice in the court of the first prefecture. The justice was a faithful and honest mandarin, and listened to all the testimony. Then he said to Quong:

"You have no right to steal a girl. The punishment for such a crime is death. You have disgraced this woman; now you must marry her. If you were beheaded, she would have no one to support her. Take her" (pointing to Suen, the ugly one); "she is your wife. Take her to your home. But first, that you may respect the law, you shall receive one hundred lashes."

Then the justice turned to the father and said:

"Soo Yew, your daughter Moi is too beautiful to be unmarried. She must be a wife before she leaves this court. Then trouble will be avoided." The poor but talented lover was sent for, and they were married.

They say now—the idle ones—that Soo Yew was a clever one, and that he compelled his ugly daughter to sit near the window that she might be stolen.

Fred A. Wilson.

## A CHOICE.

You might have fed on my life's white bread,
And drunk of my heart's red wine;
You had but to ask, and the feast was spread,
You were welcome to aught of mine.

Nay, you declare, there's of bread and to spare,
And I tire of wine, I own;
I want something brilliant and polished and rare,
Give me, I pray, a stone.

F. B.

## WARM IRON GRATINGS A BOON TO NEWSBOYS.

New York is prolific of strange sights, but few are more novel than that of newsboys enjoying a forenoon sleep on iron gratings.

At any time between nine and twelve o'clock one can see these ragged urchins catching a nap in Theatre Alley, at the rear of an evening newspaper building.

They emerge from the Newsboys' Lodging-house, or whatever place has sheltered them for the night—often a wagon or truck—early in the morning, and hustle about selling morning papers till their stocks are exhausted or trade is over.

Then they have little or nothing to do till the first editions of the evening papers are out. Some of the more ambitious boys then try to earn a little by running errands and in similar ways, but most of them prefer to rest before beginning the afternoon's work.

They have no place to go for shelter—at least, most of them—and the gratings over the press-rooms of the evening paper furnish the best retreat. They are not soft, and it seems they must corrugate the backs and sides of the sleepers; but the place, though out-of-doors, is slightly sheltered by projecting walls, and the air which rushes up is warm and hospitable.

It is a strange sight to the pedestrian who takes a short-cut through Theatre Alley to see a dozen boys huddled together, stretched out at full length, sometimes lying upon each other, on the gratings, and all fast asleep. It is a hard bed, but it is warm, and warmth is a popular element with newsboys. Besides, newsboys are not proud.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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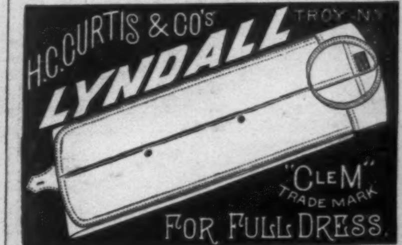

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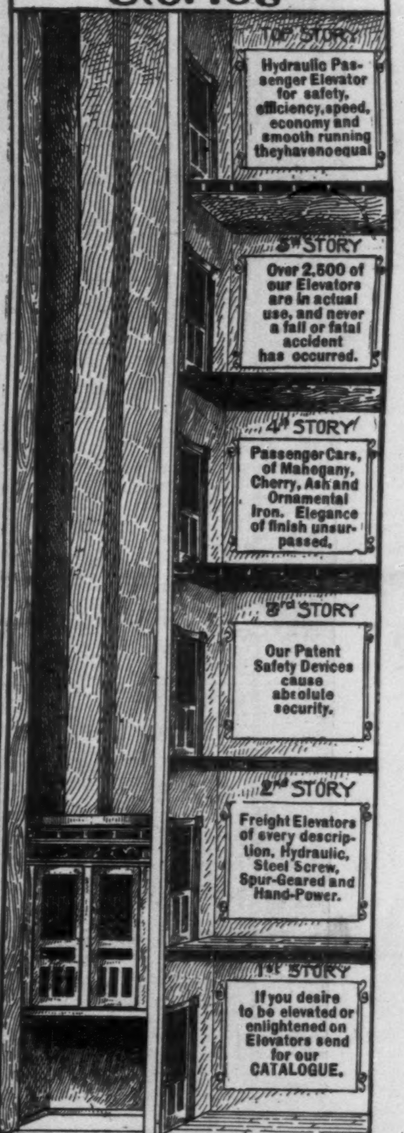

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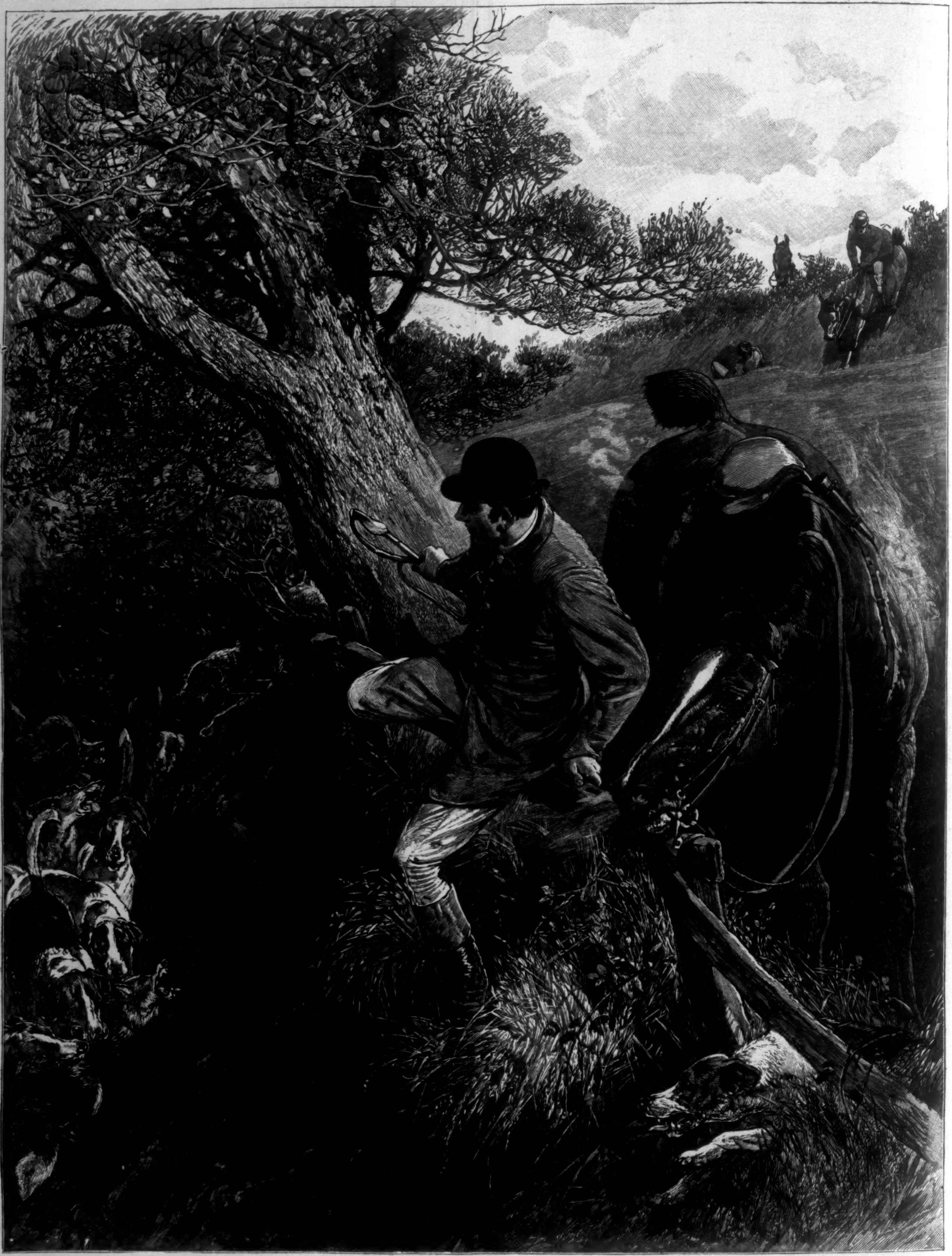

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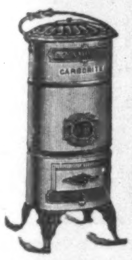

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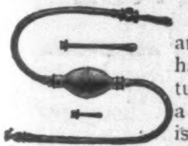

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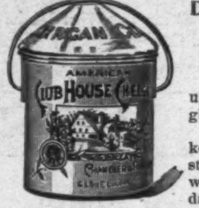

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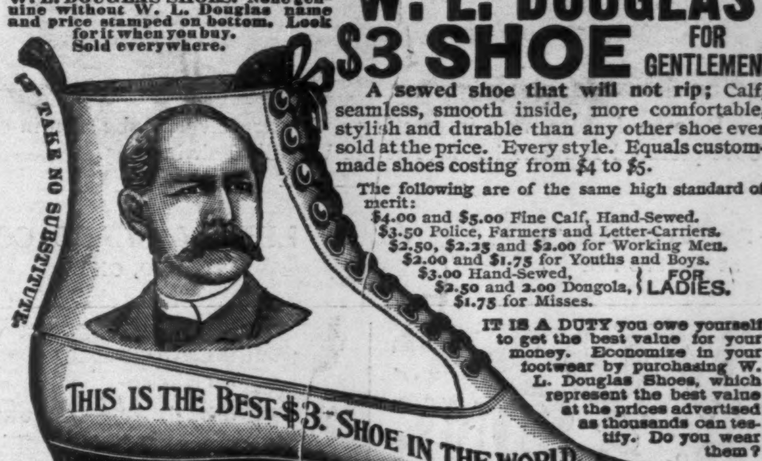
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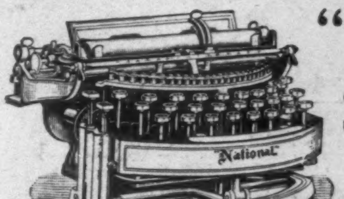

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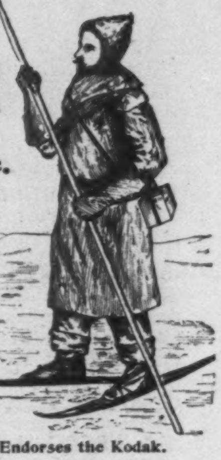

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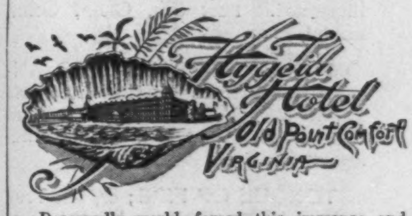

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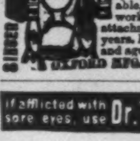

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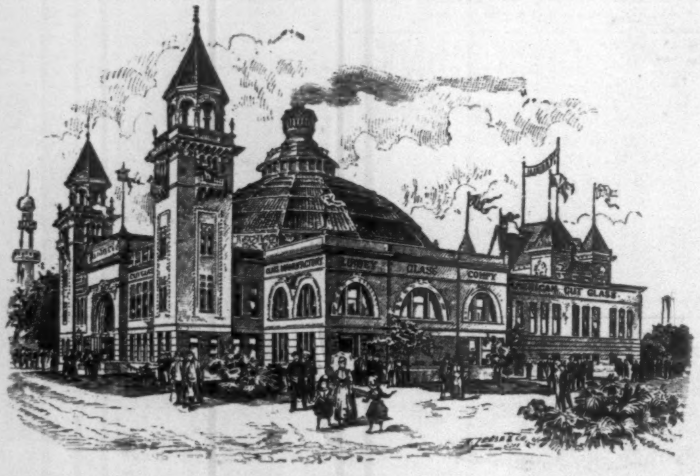

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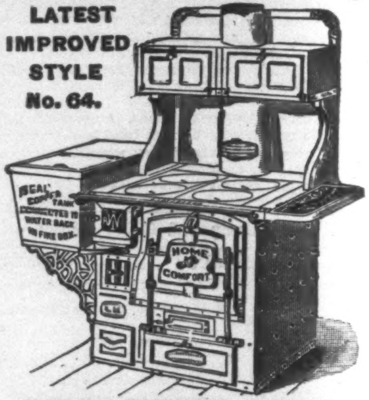

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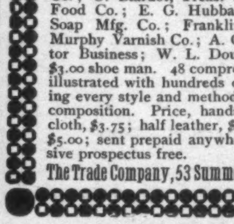

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# INCOGNITO.

BY VICTOR LEOVY.

It was before they had taken down the shutters from the front of the closed boxes in the old French Opera-house at New Orleans. Through the lattices the light fell softly from the blaze of illumination without, and with greater distinctness came the mingled, multitudinous sounds of a great Carnival ball at New Orleans. There was the rush of the feet of the dancers, the broken murmur of voices, snatches of waltzes from a distant band—all those sounds which are supposed by a remarkable social fiction to indicate the rapturous enjoyment of a great assemblage.

As Ethel seated herself in the front of one of these boxes, her attendant masker took an opportunity, perhaps not unexpected, of closing the door behind him. Then he found a seat for himself with more grace than would be expected of a prosaic nineteenth-century American disguised in a Spanish dress which antedated his existence by at least five centuries. Possibly an ardent advocate of theories of heredity might have found a cause for this in the fact that his distant ancestors, on one side at least, had worn the same garb.

"Well," said Ethel, surveying him with one of those miraculous feminine glances which take in every detail, "who are you this time? Last week you were Tancred. And last year, and the year before—it makes me feel old to think how many of you I've met."

"Yes," he answered, well knowing that such a speech could only come from a very young woman. "There are, however, consolations in the reverence paid to extreme old age—"

"Which it doesn't always receive," interrupted Ethel. "But it's a relief to hear anything in a natural voice after all that horrible falsetto. I'm glad you don't have to disguise your voice with me. How fortunate it is that I don't know you unmasked!"

"You might say that every day to most men you meet on the street," he responded, cynically.

"To you, perhaps?" she hazarded.

"No," he replied. "For you see you have only known me in such situations as this, where I can seem just what I am. Even if you should meet me hereafter, you would hardly think of holding me responsible for Don Antonio's eccentricities."

"I haven't noticed that your candor was distressing," she responded. "How are you different here from elsewhere?"

"Well, for instance," he answered, "I am more cynical. I couldn't be cynical every day. It would ruin my business."

"And that is?" she asked, with affected carelessness.

"Barkeeper," he answered, with ready irony.

Ethel laughed. "I needn't have asked," she said.

And truly she thought that there was no need. For she had long ago reached a final conclusion from a thousand different circumstances as to the identity of this would-be mysterious person, who had followed her through a dozen balls in a dozen masked shapes. The somewhat strained romance of the whole affair had affected her none the less because she had long ago identified him as a certain extremely well-known clubman, whom she had known by sight almost from her childhood.

Of this Harvey Bratton it is necessary only to say that by a diligent and destructive use of fortune, a good name, personal beauty, and brilliant talents, he had succeeded in making a social reputation which was held in great esteem by the very young.

"I believe there is really something in your idea," said Ethel, finally. "I do seem to know you better than most men I have met in the ordinary way. Don't you wonder that I have never tried to find out your name?"

"Wonderful if true," he answered. "Why haven't you?"

"It might have been," she replied, "because I thought it was your secret, or from policy, or because I thought it was rather interesting after all as it was, or from any one of a dozen different reasons. I wish, though, I could make you tell me."

"I wish I could," he answered. "But you know Lovelace's old saying, 'I could not—'"

Ethel stopped him with a motion of her hand. "If I don't," she said, "we will pretend that I do."

He remained silent for a moment, then leaned forward with an appearance of great earnestness. "To-morrow night is the last of this for a year," he began. "I think I might tell you all about myself then if you would let me tell you something else at the same time."

To those who may wonder why he did not make this important declaration at once instead of postponing it to the following night, I am under the unpleasant necessity of explaining that he had not the remotest intention of being in New Orleans at the time he named. I suppose he viewed this conditional promise as simply a sort of psychological experiment; one of a kind which he was fond of trying.

For the moment it did not seem as if the experiment would succeed. Ethel rose very promptly to her feet, and then hesitated an instant. It was at this instant that the door opened with an emphatic jerk which threw it back against the wall, and disclosed a short, florid, heated old gentleman in the very last stages of impatience and irritation.

"Why—why, Ethel," he ejaculated, "I've been looking for you all over the house. I've been wanting to go home for an hour—for hours—ever since I came."

Ethel turned to take leave of her companion, saying something to him in a foreign tongue as he bent over her hand. He murmured an inaudible reply, and vanished through the open door.

"What's all that Spanish?" said Mr. Thorne, who had been viewing this proceeding of his daughter with extreme distrust.

"Oh, I thought it suited his costume. It means good-night," answered Ethel, mendaciously.

"It used to mean 'to-morrow' in my time," said her father, suspiciously.

Ethel laughed. "Your time!" she exclaimed. "How absurd of you to talk as if your time was past!"

The old gentleman chuckled, highly pleased. "You don't get out of your scolding that way," he said. "However, I suppose it's just as well you were out of the way. That fellow Bratton has been bothering me all the evening to find you. He said he wanted to meet you."

Ethel stopped suddenly. "Mr. Bratton!" she exclaimed. Then she took her father's arm again, and they went on.

"I don't wish to meet him," she said. "I have never liked that man."

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# AMATEUR · SPORT

*Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.*

## UNDERGRADUATE LIMITATION IN COLLEGE SPORTS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

While it must be confessed that experience with college athletics leads one to believe that the only certain safeguard against professionalism must always lie in the prevailing sentiment of the student body at each particular institution, for all that, every piece of legislation directed against the evil is in itself valuable and to be applauded. Many of the older college athletes have believed and still feel that it is something in the nature of a disgrace that any such legislation should be necessary among sports conducted by and for gentlemen, but they are now beginning to realize the danger, and admit that even such a feeling ought not to stand in the way of legislation, when we have all of us seen unmistakable signs of a professional spirit creeping into the ranks of college players.

Any college man must feel that he would rather play against a graduate—a man who for four years had lived a college life, had become imbued with the college spirit, had learned to look at matters from the collegian's standpoint—than to play against a man who was not a graduate, but who perhaps had been induced to enter a university for a short season in order to take part in some sport in which he was proficient. The tendency to confound the use of the term professional with the idea of skilful through long years of practice has led many to think of a graduate player as a professional player. The man whom we wish to keep out of college athletics is not the skilful man, but the man who barters his skill for pecuniary gain, whether in the shape of actual cash in hand paid or of financial aid extended indirectly; and this individual is not so likely to appear in the undergraduate department. I don't for a moment think that it has yet reached the ultimate point, but when that ultimate point is reached, it is this, that a man who begins by selling his skill to a college may some day find himself selling an individual act in a particular contest—selling races, selling games.

I have often thought, as the evil of inducing preparatory school men to go to one college or another by offers of something close to a pecuniary advantage has been growing; as the desire to have the best players has led college organizations to tempt in a similar way one man from some other college; as men or boys, whose preparatory training has been not for college, have been induced in a like manner to enroll their names for a few months in a college catalogue—that an end must come to all these practices, and that the end could only come in the way of legislation debarring every man from participating in the sports during his first year at any college or university. Then it would be necessary to support the man for a year before using him, and that would probably do away with the objectionable practices. But such legislation may not yet be necessary, and although I was not among the number who took up the matter, and through whose vigorous efforts the first step toward cleansing college athletics was made, I am heartily in sympathy with every movement toward such reform.

Did you hear the money jingle? Perhaps not yet, but the chink of the silver will soon subside into the more quiet rustle of the bank-note, and anything like amateur sport for gentlemen be but the name of something entirely antiquated and forgotten. It was only modest pennies a few years ago, a paying position dependent upon performances not connected with the duties of that position, everything carefully concealed and hardly spoken of.

Already it has become brazen in its assurance among so-called amateur clubs. One does not have to explain the term of the "long green," so thoroughly common has its use become. The entire body of what was but a few years ago the fresh and vigorous youth of city athletics has become honeycombed with the disease of professionalism, and now we find the germs of that disease entering the system of college athletics, to set up there that same festering sore which will speedily render any connection with them revolting to a gentleman.

The recent action taken by the Intercollegiate Football Association, limiting the eligibility of contestants to undergraduates, has proved such a fruitful subject for discussion generally throughout the country that a rehearsal of the events which seem to have brought about this action may be interesting to those who follow amateur athletics. The immediate cause of the action was probably a thorough discussion of the increasing professional tendency in college sports, and this discussion was carried on by several New York gentlemen most actively interested in the general welfare of athletics.

After many plans had been suggested, and then rejected as unwise or impracticable, these gentlemen reached the conclusion that limitation to undergraduates was the most simple and feasible. The question of getting such legislation adopted and made general among colleges was fully as difficult as the former question. In baseball there has entirely dropped out of existence anything like a law-making body so far as the larger colleges are concerned. In boating there never has been any such law-making body since the dissolution of the Intercollegiate Association. In track athletics and football only are these bodies arranged to make rules and limitations. The mechanism of the former, owing to its larger scope, may have appeared too unwieldy for immediate action, and later action was likely to bring in the element of discord coming from too close approximation to the date of actual contest. Hence, although action by the association governing track athletics would have been most representative of all colleges, it was decided that the pressing necessity of legislating during their season of in activity in actual contests, and thus avoiding as far as possible the personal issue, made the Football Association the best to bear the brunt of the battle which was almost certain to follow legislation of any kind upon the subject. A meeting of that association was therefore called, and after a week's adjournment for discussion and counsel, the final meeting was held, and the limitation was adopted.

As I have mentioned earlier in this article, my own preference is for even more severe legislation, and the limiting of eligibility to those who have spent one full year at the university, and who are regularly connected with any department. Whatever action is taken, the rule will undoubtedly be modified after a year's experiment, but will be nevertheless of radical benefit.

## SNOW-SHOES AND SNOW-SHOEING.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

The use of snow-shoes as a means of locomotion over the deep winter snows goes so far back that it is impossible to even hazard a guess at the date. In early colonial times they were part of the regular equipment of the troops, and in Canada and along our frontier the troops were regularly drilled in their use. The French-Canadians, who were among the first white men to recognize their value, called them raquettes, probably from their resemblance to the raquette used by the Indian in playing ball. In Canada, therefore, snow-shoeing has been looked upon more as a regular method of communication between the scattered villages in winter, where the snow lies from three to four feet deep, than as an out-door sport. It is only since the organization of the famous old Tuque Blue Club at Montreal, in 1840, that it has been recognized as a regular out-of-door sport; now there are hundreds of clubs in Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, with several thousand members.

There was no attention paid to snow-shoeing in the United States as a sport until the winter of 1881. A friend of the writer, Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jun., induced me to try it, and we soon found a number of Canadians, old snow-shoers, who were only too glad to renew their early experiences, and joined us in forming the Oritani Snow-shoe Club, the pioneer club of the States. Mr. Fairchild became the president, and retained that office until his return to Canada last year. This club still exists in a flourishing condition, with one branch in New York and one in Hackensack, the two branches numbering about fifty. Among some of the most enthusiastic are the lady members, who hold their own in the moonlight tramps without difficulty.

When our club was first organized snow-shoes were comparatively unknown, and the gay blanket suit entirely so. The result was that when we first put in an appearance on the streets the staid Jerseymen did not know what to make of us, and to the small boys we were a constant wonder and delight; whether we belonged to a circus or were escaped lunatics they never quite made out.

The first snow-shoe was undoubtedly a very primitive affair—simply a branch bent into a circle and held in shape by rawhide lacings. I found some time ago in an old scrap-book a curious old French wood-cut representing such a shoe. This round shoe is still the favorite shape among the lumbermen in Maine and the Adirondacks, as it is less liable to catch in the snags and branches. The most popular shape with us, however, is made in the form of an ellipse, sharply contracted where the ends join, thus forming the tail of the shoe. The Indians still seem to monopolize the manufacture of snow-shoes. They are usually from three to four feet long and from ten to eighteen inches wide, and cost from four to five dollars. The frame is made from hickory or ash, and filled in with a net-work made from the sinews of caribou, which animal furnishes the best material, as they do not stretch when wet. The ordinary shoes of commerce have a rawhide filling, which sags under the foot in the most provoking manner when the least bit damp.

The shoes used by women, for many ladies are very fond of this sport, are lighter, and built more like the skeleton racing shoes. I have found the shoes that come from New Brunswick the best adapted to our use. They are long and narrow, slightly turned up at the end, and much lighter than the Canadian shoe, and much nicer in make-up and appearance. The art of walking on snow-shoes is not as difficult as one would imagine. The shoe is fastened on to the moccasined foot, which is protected from the cold by not less than three pairs of woollen socks, including one pair of heavy wool stockings coming above the knee, by thongs of deer-skin, the ends of which are passed down through the adjoining meshes, forming a loop, under which the toe is passed. The thong is drawn down quite snug, then brought back around the heel, and then tied in front. The foot plays freely in this simple harness, allowing full scope to the muscles and ankles. The heel is free to rise, and the action is much the same as in walking; the tail of the shoe is not lifted from the ground, but drags along with a musical clickity-click on the hard crust. It is a knack easily acquired, and with a little practice a four-mile-an-hour gait can be maintained for hours. Expert Indians when pushed have been known to cover seventy-five miles between sunrise and sunset. The longest travel on record is that of a party of surveyors, who made 900 miles, going from British Columbia, in December, 1875, to Edmonton, crossing the Rocky Mountains. The best snow-shoeing is of course when there is a good crust covered with a cushion of two or three inches of fresh snow.

In the far West the snow-shoes are of an entirely different type. Instead of ovals, they are from ten to fourteen feet long and three and a half to four inches wide, turning up about six inches at the toe. The foot is held in place by a piece of leather laced firmly over the moccasin. A pole is used to guide the snow-shoer and act as a brake. The motion in walking is more like skating. The bottom of the shoe should be as smooth as possible, and has often to be waxed with beeswax applied with a hot smoothing-iron. They are awkward-looking things to one who has been used to the Canadian shoe, but they are absolutely necessary in that hilly country, where the snow lies four feet deep and over during the whole winter. There is no other mode of communication between many of the mining towns in Colorado.

As for cold, it is impossible to feel cold when clad in a good blanket suit, with a gay-colored tuque pulled down over the ears, and the hood pulled over the head. On the contrary, after an hour's tramp the snow-shoer will begin to strip. The hood will be thrown back, gloves pulled off, and finally off will come the blanket coat, and he will be ready to bet that the mercury has taken a sudden upward start, particularly when he gets back to the furnace-heated house. Beginners should not attempt too long a trip at first, or else he may be laid up with *mal de raquette*, from which it takes days to recover.

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